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# ARTS

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## Contributors

Sidney Tillim, who undertakes a survey of geometrical painting in America in this number, is a regular staff critic for ARTS. His critical writings have appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, *College Art Journal*, *Modern Age* and a number of other magazines.

Donald Sutherland is on the faculty of classical literature at the University of Colorado in Boulder. He is well known for his critical study, *Gertrude Stein: A Biography of Her Work*, published by the Yale University Press, and for other writings on Gertrude Stein. He has contributed to *The Kenyon Review*, *New Republic* and other journals. His essay in this

issue is drawn from research for his next critical work, to be called *On Romanticism*.

Robert Melville, who writes on the Man Ray exhibition in London, is our regular English correspondent. His essay on Jean Arp was included in the Museum of Modern Art's recent volume on that artist.

Creighton Gilbert, reviewer of Wind's *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance*, is curator of the Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota; he will be teaching this summer at the University of California in Berkeley.

William H. Jordy, who reviews Henry-Russell Hitchcock's new architectural survey,

teaches at Brown University. His forthcoming book on modern architecture will be brought out by Doubleday Anchor Books. Mr. Jordy contributed the obituary editorial on Frank Lloyd Wright in the May issue of ARTS.

## On the Cover

Turku Trajan, *The Golden West*; photographed by Mottke Weissman in Trajan's studio shortly after the sculptor's death. See "An Apology to Trajan," pages 26-33.

## Editor's Note

Readers are reminded that the next number of ARTS will appear on September 1.

## Features

- 22 **Drawings of Nicholas Marsicano**  
The artist's drawings rather than his better-known paintings are featured in a one-man show at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery in New York (May 25-June 13).
- 24 **Recent Acquisitions**  
The Worcester Art Museum purchases an early Rembrandt. El Greco's *St. John's Vision of the Mysteries of the Apocalypse* goes on view at the Metropolitan.
- 26 **An Apology to Trajan BY HILTON KRAMER**  
The sculptor's death, in near oblivion, poignantly draws attention to the critical position of artists caught in the current upheaval of taste and fashion.
- 34 **The Future of Pompeian Painting BY DONALD SUTHERLAND**  
This sociable art of antiquity, which knew its place and filled it well, might help to break the present academic ice of pure and soliloquial painting.
- 38 **What Happened to Geometry? BY SIDNEY TILLIM**  
A staff critic of ARTS undertakes an inquiry into the origins and vicissitudes—as well as the present condition—of geometrical painting in America.
- 45 **Man Ray in London BY ROBERT MELVILLE**  
A nostalgic retrospective at the Institute of Contemporary Arts emphasizes his painting, minimizes his "objects"—and gives a distinctly Dada complexion to his career.

## Departments

- 6 Letters
- 9 Auctions
- 10 People in the Arts
- 13 Marginal Notes
- 14 Books  
Reviews by Alfred Werner, Creighton Gilbert, Helen De Mott and William H. Jordy.
- 16 Paris BY ANNETTE MICHELSON  
The Salon de Mai; a student strike; Jackson Pollock and "The New American Painting"; Gottlieb and Clement Greenberg; the Bissière retrospective; Dubuffet.
- 20 London BY ROBERT MELVILLE  
Alfred Wallis' paintings at the Tate; an appreciation of Christopher Wood; works by Heron, Hilton, Frost and Wynter at the Waddington.
- 48 Month in Review BY HILTON KRAMER  
"Recent Sculpture U. S. A." at the Museum of Modern Art.
- 52 Margaret Breuning
- 54 In the Galleries
- 64 Studio Talk BY BERNARD CHAET  
Interview with Corrado Marca-Relli.
- 68 Where to Show
- 70 Calendar of Exhibitions

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## LETTERS

### The Crisis in Abstraction

To the Editor:

The publication of Sibyl Moholy-Nagy's "The Crisis in Abstraction" [April] (particularly following Hilton Kramer's excellent evaluation of the Carnegie International) shows a rigorous editorial stand at a time when there has been a serious lack of polarity in the attitudes of our major journals of contemporary art. Mme. Moholy-Nagy's main point is well made, but unfortunately a shrillness of tone in her statements about Abstract Expressionism coupled with an abstract art confined by *Guernica* on one side and Feininger on the other, may cause her to lose the reader's sympathy for her otherwise effective argument.

The work of such artists as Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline and Willem de Kooning may not be so profound as it has been made out to be, but it is certainly not fraudulent. It is sincere, impassioned, searching. Even though Abstract Expressionism had its sources in Europe, it matured in a peculiarly American form. It is also peculiarly American, it seems to me, in its capacity to be mass-produced in inferior quality, and this may be the crux of the matter. The integrity of the leading artists of the movement and the predominance of its American form make Mme. Moholy-Nagy's accusations more damaging to herself than to those whom she decries as "adolescent" and incompetent. Such runaway generalizations do not help clarify the issue. "Incompetence" is by no means the fault in the work of most action painters. One comes away from current exhibitions fully aware of great technical competence and daring—but of little else. In our experimentation with direct painting and in our fascination with the *matter* of paint, we have continually narrowed our scope not only as artists but also as spectators.

Those in the vanguard of action painting deserve our admiration, but we must not fall into the sterile demands of an official art, whatever the demands or whoever the (self-appointed) officers may be. That the rear guard of the movement has arrived is amply evident from the recent exhibitions at the Whitney, the Carnegie and most of the New York galleries. The banality of the worst nineteenth-century academic painting is no worse than the banality of much twentieth-century action painting.

Mme. Moholy-Nagy's deed fortunately may speak louder than her words. Willem de Kooning was less than precise when he said, "There is no style today." We have *only* "style"; what we lack is *matter*. Mme. Moholy-Nagy urges us to search it out, but we must do so without hysteria or prejudice.

THOMAS R. BARRETT  
Proctor Academy  
Andover, New Hampshire

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your publication of the article "The Crisis in Abstraction" in the April issue of ARTS. I do not agree in each instance with Mrs. Moholy-Nagy, but her analysis of the pernicious poisoning to which the art world has been subjected is clearly put and timely. Perhaps it can unplug the plugging system and give us a shot of intestinal fortitude—before America loses her hard-won leadership in international art. Thanks for the guts.

JEANNE MILLS  
New York City

To the Editor:

I have been meaning to write you earlier to applaud certain things in the April issue of ARTS. I refer to the article "The Crisis in Abstraction"

by Sibel Moholy-Nagy, and your comments on Ben Shahn and the Whitney Museum show, "The Museum and Its Friends." It has become clear in recent years that the antihumanist and anti-rational elements in painting have gone too far. It is time to call a halt and undertake a re-examination. I am glad to see it being done in your magazine and I hope you will get encouragement in many quarters to continue this re-examination in a many-faceted form.

ABE LERNER, Art Director  
World Publishing Company  
New York City

## Month in Review

To the Editor:

I think that it's about time someone brought Mr. Ben Shahn down a few notches to a more true perspective of the man and the artist. I want to commend you for your courage in speaking out publicly ["Month in Review," April]—what many of us have been thinking a long time. It was an excellent commentary and criticism of Mr. Shahn. In this day when most "art critics" "walk the fence" in their reviews of "important" artists—by tossing words about and really saying nothing, yet managing to be inoffensive to everyone—it's refreshing as a cool sea breeze in mid-summer to come across one critic who speaks his mind—without caring who will dislike him for it.

VICTOR DE CARLO  
Madison, Connecticut

## Protest

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading Sidney Tillim's review [May] of my exhibition at Mills College, and can only say "I'm stunned."

To begin with, in the first sentence Mr. Tillim states that I am in my early thirties and have rheumatic fever. To keep the record straight, I am twenty-eight, and arthritis is my affliction. This, however, is relatively unimportant, and not worth mentioning save for the fact that its inaccuracy sets the tenor for the rest of the review—if indeed a "review" it can be called. The fact that I manage to paint despite a severe physical handicap has been the subject of several sentimental, badly written articles appearing in small-town weekly newspapers. The "crippled but he paints" or "plucky guts" type of story is supposedly of interest to the lay public; however, for a publication of your stature to indulge in journalism of this sort is shocking, not to mention in bad taste. . . .

Among the most damaging of Mr. Tillim's implications is the speculation that I paint the way I do (large, flat, clean areas) owing to a lack of ability on my part to physically manipulate the paint in any other way. This is completely untrue. I have been painting for more than ten years, and during this time I have, like most painters, tried many and various styles and manners in the attempt to find my own "truth"—the personal means of expression that suits me best.

I have in that time scumbled, scraped, glazed, troweled on with palette knife and applied paint with loaded brush. That I have now discarded these means in favor of an even surface is a decision based purely on aesthetic grounds, not physical necessity, as Mr. Tillim thinks. After all, other "healthy" painters (the word and quotation marks are his)—Albers, Reinhardt, Davis, Mondrian, to name a few—have been known to favor this means of paint application. As to Mr. Tillim's interest in the means I use to achieve my ends, I might add they include prismatic eyeglasses, special tables, taped brushes, etc.

In closing, I'd like to emphasize that this is not a defense of my work artistically, merely a state-

ment that if I couldn't fully realize on canvas (and by fully I mean 100%, not 99%) the image I'm after, owing to a physical lack, I'd give up painting in favor of another means whereby I might express myself in a more complete manner.

LEWIS M. STERN  
New York City

THE EDITOR REPLIES: If Mr. Tillim's review were "journalism of this sort," we would be profoundly regretful for having published it. But surely it must be viewed in a rather different light. Discussion of the means of painting, as well as (and in relation to) the ends, is as legitimate a form of criticism as any other, and one which current painting in particular insists upon. We certainly do regret any possible offense to Mr. Stern personally which this review may have caused. It needs to be pointed out, however, that Mr. Tillim's remarks about "healthy" artists have been misinterpreted by Mr. Stern; missing the irony, he takes them to mean quite the opposite of what was intended. In any event, Mr. Tillim's belief in the legitimacy of this realm of painting is perhaps best tested by a reading of his article on geometrical painting in this number. As for the factual errors concerning age and illness, they were supplied by the director of the exhibition.

## Artists Equity

To the Editor:

The following statement was issued by me on my election as president of Artists Equity Association:

At the National Convention of Artists Equity Association in Minneapolis, May 8-10, 1959, I fell heir to the presidency. The officers above me for one reason or another resigned, and if Equity was to continue, the responsibility to go ahead fell upon me and—for me quite fortunately—the able persons who make up the Executive Committee.

Although I have been a member of the organization since the first year of its founding, it was only when faced with the present responsibility that I of necessity had to learn some of the facts about the organization. Need I say that many of these facts dumbfounded me? Until this time I had been puzzled that some chapters dropped off in members while others forged steadily ahead. I was also puzzled that many important art centers throughout the country had no local chapters; either these chapters had disbanded or they never had been organized at all. It is only now that I begin to understand some of the reasons for this unhappy situation.

Equity of late years has lost from its membership many of America's most prominent "name" artists; other artists of this caliber have never joined the organization. There are, of course, reasons for this. One of the reasons given is that Equity has taken into membership people who are considered by such eminent artists to be mere amateurs. Whether such a statement is true or not, a remedy for such a contingency was put into effect at the recent convention: an increase in qualifications for membership. Subsequently the Executive Committee inaugurated a trial plan in a chapter as a pilot investigation for reclassification of membership in the future.

Obviously, we cannot all be Picassos; it would seem that we should much prefer to be merely ourselves. Membership in organizations neither adds nor detracts from the luster of one's reputation; this is up to the individual's creative capacity. The attitude of refusing to be a member of an organization because the other members are not considered to be of equal importance to one's self—when stated in words—sounds rather ridiculous. If a great actress refused to belong to an organization because another actress did not meet her personal standards, there could be no organization capable of protecting the profession as a

continued on page 67



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## AUCTIONS

Foy Collection Brings Total of \$1,166,400

SEVENTEEN modern paintings in the collection of the late Thelma Chrysler Foy brought no less than \$1,166,400 in an auction at the Parke-Bernet Gallery in New York on May 13. Of this sum \$255,000 was realized solely on the sale of Renoir's *Les Filles de Durand-Ruel*. The price constitutes a new auction record for a Renoir. Dealers acting as agents for private collectors were active in the sale, and in a number of important purchases the name of the buyer was not revealed. It is rumored, however, that the Renoir was purchased by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., brother of the late Mrs. Foy.

Six other Renoirs figured in the sale—*Lady with Parasol in a Garden* (\$140,000), *Petite Cousineuse* (\$100,000), *Jeune Fille au Chapeau Blanc* (\$92,500), *Jeunes Filles au Jardin* (\$25,000), *La Baigneuse* (\$16,000) and *Nu* (\$4,000).

Of the three Degas in the sale, *Danseuse sur la Scène* brought \$180,000, his *L'Etoile* \$60,000 and *La Danse Grecque* \$58,000. The two Lautrecs included, *Femme Rousse dans un Jardin*, and *Portrait of a Young Girl*, brought \$180,000 and \$16,000 respectively. Two Constantin Guys, *Dans le Foyer* and *Jeune Fille*, brought \$2,700 and \$1,200.

Vuillard, Boldini and Winslow Homer were represented in the sale by single works. Vuillard's *Le Salon* was sold for \$27,500, Boldini's *The Love Letter* for \$4,500, Homer's *Shepherdess* for \$4,000.

The May 13 sale, an evening session, was conducted by Louis J. Marion before a capacity audience of some two thousand people admitted by card only. Closed-circuit television with facilities for bidding was set up in three galleries supplementing the main salesroom. Attendance included private collectors and dealers from all parts of the United States, as well as England, France, Switzerland and South America.

The Foy collection was on exhibition in the Parke-Bernet Galleries for three days prior to the sale, first by invitational preview, then on free public view. The seventeen paintings were seen by more than nine thousand people.

### Picasso Nude Sold for \$154,000 in London

Picasso's early *La Belle Hollandaise* was sold at auction for \$154,000 in a sale at Sotheby's in London on May 6. The price is the highest ever obtained at auction for a work by Picasso. Dating from the artist's "pink period," the work was painted when he was visiting the Netherlands in 1905. According to anecdote become legend, he gave the painting to his friend Paco Durio because he could not pay his half of their hotel bill. While conducted in London, the sale in effect only transferred the Picasso nude across a portion of Australia. The seller was Major H. de Vahl Rubin, Australian rancher, philanthropist and art collector; the purchaser was the Queensland Art Gallery of Brisbane.

The Picasso was among 152 modern paintings and statues from fourteen countries in the Sotheby sale which brought a total of \$1,102,700. A Cézanne self-portrait was sold for \$89,600 to Dr. S. S. Nathan, a Swiss dealer; another Cézanne, a still life with peaches, brought \$47,600. Degas's *Three Dancers at a Dancing Class* went for \$61,600. A still life by Braque brought \$42,000, and a Toulouse-Lautrec portrait \$36,400.

The sale, conducted by Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's, netted the second highest total on record for an English auction, surpassed only by the Goldschmidt sale at Sotheby's last October which set a \$2,000,000 world record.



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## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Elizabeth Ames



Leon Hartl



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Elizabeth Ames (above) has received the 1959 Award for Distinguished Service to the Arts, conferred by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mrs. Ames has been named this year's recipient for her tactful and understanding management of the artists' colony known as Yaddo, at Saratoga Springs, New York. The award is given from time to time to an American citizen who has done outstanding work in connection with the arts, while not himself a practicing artist. Among those who have received the award in former years are Senator William J. Fulbright, Mrs. Edward MacDowell and Robert Moses.

In a ceremony on May 20, the Institute also conferred other grants and awards. The Marjorie Peabody Waite Award of \$1,000, given to an older artist, writer or composer for continued integrity in his art, went to painter Leon Hartl (above). Eighteen grants of \$1,500 each were given in literature, art and music. In the field of art the recipients were Minna Harkavy (above), José de Rivera (above), Frank Duncan, Ruth Gikow, John Guerin, Nathaniel Kaz and James Kearns. An exhibition of the work of the award winners and of the newly elected members of the Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters is on view through June 14 at the Academy Art Gallery in New York City.

Katherine Kuh, curator of painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago, has submitted her resignation effective September 1. Mrs. Kuh has long been associated with the Institute, having served in various departments for seventeen years before being appointed to her present position in 1957. In 1956 she was responsible for organizing the American section of the Venice Biennale Exhibition. She has lectured throughout the United States and Canada, and is the author of two books, *Art Has Many Faces* and *Léger*, as well as numerous magazine and catalogue articles. After leaving the Institute Mrs. Kuh plans to reside in New York and do other work in the field of art. A successor will not be appointed until John Maxon, the new director of fine arts at the Institute, takes office in the fall.

Louise Nevelson's sculpture *Night Personage* has been awarded the Medal of Honor by the National Association of Women Artists at their recent spring exhibition. The \$500 first prize went to Minna Harkavy for her *Lu Duble*. Other winners in the all-sculpture exhibition were Helena Simkhovitch, Doris Caesar and Rhys Caparn.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has awarded twelve travel scholarships and other prizes totaling more than \$22,000 to members of its student body. Nine William Emlen Cresson Memorial Traveling Scholarships for \$1,700 each were given to students competing for the first time. In the field of painting the recipients were:

Pierre Brownell, Nicholas Bucciarelli, Bernard Fierro, Jack Fishbein, Joan Hession, Marianne Keating, Ellen Powell and Edward Ruestow; Bernard Kozuhowski received the award for mural decoration. In addition the Academy awarded three J. Henry Schiedt Memorial Traveling Scholarships for \$1,400 each, based on the same general requirements as the Cressons, but not limiting travel to Europe. In painting, Celia L. Finberg and Herbert Lautman were the recipients; Sally Laird received the award for sculpture.

The Art Institute of Chicago has announced the winners of its Sixty-second Annual Exhibition by artists of Chicago and vicinity. Major prize winners were: Richard Talaber, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and Prize, \$1,500; Harry Brorby, Logan Medal and Prize, \$1,000; Clyde Donald Smith, Pauline Palmer Prize, \$750; Ruth Horsting, Palmer Prize, \$750; Allan Lunak, Walter M. Compans Award, \$500; and Carrie McAllister, William H. Bartels Prize, \$500. Other winners were Miyoko Ito, Gustaf Dalstrom, Egon Weiner, H. Irving Gates, William Tokeshi, H. C. Westermann, Joseph Goto, Misch Kohn, Lillian Desow-Fishbein, Ronald Ahlstrom, G. Sherman Kritlow, Sandra Gierke, R. Lindberg Anderson, Hilda Solomon, John D. Klamik and Heather Preston Kortebein. The jury was composed of Adelyn D. Breeskin, director of the Baltimore Museum of Art, painter Lawrence Calcagno and sculptor Seymour Lipton. The exhibition will be on view through June 28 at Gonsaulus Hall, the new wing of the Institute.

George Beattie, Atlanta artist and dean of the evening school of the Atlanta Art Association, has been named first-prize winner in the Fifth Annual Painting of the Year competition and exhibit. The award carries with it a \$1,000 purchase prize for the Atlanta Art Association. A second purchase prize, of \$750, was awarded to Carroll Cloar, and Lamar Dodd received the third prize, a cash award of \$200. The jury of selection and award included Agnes Mongan, acting director of the Fogg Museum, Joseph de Martini, New York artist, and Vincent Price, collector and critic.

Mani Deligtisch (above) has been selected as the winner of the 1959 MacDowell Traveling Scholarship for overseas travel and study. A jury of Nicolai Vasilieff, Leon Kroll, Joseph Fleck, Reuben Tam and Clement Greenberg chose Mr. Deligtisch from among fifteen other contestants. He has been a student of the Art Students League of New York for the past three years. The Edward G. MacDowell Scholarship is open to unmarried members of the Art Students League who have pursued a course of study at the League for at least sixteen months, six of them in the



de Rivera  
Deligtisch



Robert Clarke Morris

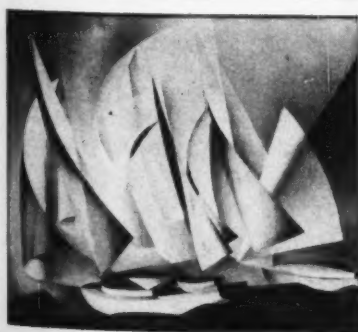
current school year. Edward G. MacDowell was a Life Member of the Art Students League and made the bequest in the name of his father.

Robert Clarke Morris (above) has been named administrative director of the Contemporary Arts Association of Houston, Texas. Mr. Morris was formerly in charge of exhibition design and installation in Cullinan Hall, the new annex to the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, and instructor of design and drawing at the Museum school. He is a graduate of the Yale University School of Fine Arts. Mr. Morris assumes his new duties June 1. He succeeds Dr. Jermayne MacAgy, director for the past four years.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., director of collections of the Museum of Modern Art, left New York on May 30 for a three-week lecture tour in Russia. He will speak on American art at the invitation of Voks, U.S.S.R. Society for Cultural Relations.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has announced that, beginning July 6, 1959, it will be closed to the general public on Mondays. The step was deemed necessary in light of the great increase in attendance during recent years which has created serious problems in the guardianship of the Museum's collections and the maintenance of its buildings.

The Passadoit Gallery closed on May 29. Miss Georgette Passadoit, director of the gallery since its foundation in 1936, will continue her art activities from offices at the Albert Landry Galleries.



#### Correction

Charles Sheeler, *Pertaining to Yachts and Yachting* (1922); courtesy Philadelphia Museum of Art. Through a printer's error Sheeler's painting was incorrectly identified in the May ARTS. The work was featured in the Corcoran Gallery's recent exhibition devoted to "The American Muse."

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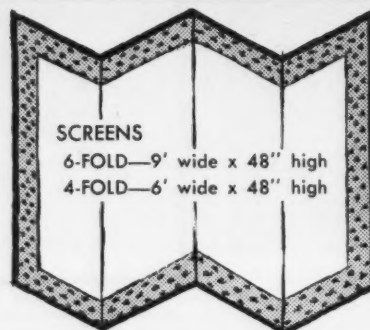
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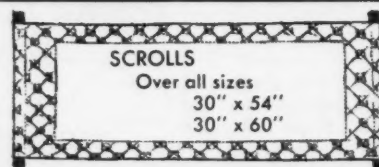
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# ARTS

June 1959

## MARGINAL NOTES

### The Painter and the President

**T**HE \$10,000 Guggenheim International Art Award for 1958 was presented by President Eisenhower today to the Spanish artist, Joan Miró.

After he had presented the award at a White House ceremony the President showed to Senor Miró one of his own oil paintings, a mountain scene. Senor Miró praised it as "very poetic and sensitive."

—From *The New York Times*, May 19.

### Art Books versus Art

**T**HE art in an art book is a collection of substitute images. . . . But is it as a poor substitute that the public of the art book accepts the work in it? Or are the contents of the "imaginary museum" of books and reproductions more to its taste than actual paintings and sculptures?

In addition to dispensing with the time, cost and fatigue involved in tracking down individual creations, art-book art has one overwhelming advantage over the artist's product: *It appears in a context of knowledge.*

A book on Piranesi or Matisse, on Zen washes or Szechwan reliefs, "covers" its subject or a defined portion of it. Through it you have not only "seen" Piranesi, you have "placed" him, once for all. Aided by text, chronology, bibliography, lists of major works, you know more; perhaps more important, you know what you know.

—From "On the Uses of Art Books"  
by Harold Rosenberg, *Encounter*, April.

### Art and Politics

**T**HE first of a planned series of art exhibitions sponsored by a political organization and designed to make art more accessible

to the public will open June 10 under the auspices of the National Republican Club, 54 West 40th Street, with a one-man showing of paintings by Daniel J. Riesner, it was announced last night by William Mertens, Club president, following a meeting of the organization's Executive Committee.

Mr. Mertens terms the project "a new concept of art presentation to the community."

The series, which is intended to encourage a greater participation and interest in American art on the part of industry, labor, the general public and Club members, was hailed by James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, as "a very valuable service in taking art out of the somewhat formal framework of the museum." He expressed the hope that the idea "could be spread to other centers in our national life."

—From a press release of the National Republican Club, May 27.

### Bread and Circuses

**T**HE people of the Welfare State are not interested in art: art is highbrow, art is phony, art is a challenge to feeling and understanding which they resent.

*Panis et circenses*; bread and circuses; it is not the first time that a culture has perished from similar causes. One clings vainly to the hope that out of these new media of mass communication a new art form may emerge, but I must confess that as time passes I lose even this last faint hope. Art will survive, as it did in the Dark Ages, in small circles, among the elite. But for art to become socially significant again, which is to say for art to recover its greatness, great social changes must first take place. Mankind will perhaps grow tired of its playthings and cast them aside; universal boredom will lead to universal despair, and art will be renewed when life itself has to be renewed.

—From "Aspirations in Perspective"  
by Sir Herbert Read, *The Listener*, May 7.

# BOOKS

**FAUVISM** by Jean Leymarie. Skira, Inc. \$6.50.  
**CUBISM** by Guy Habasque. Skira, Inc. \$6.50.

THOSE who have vainly searched in glossaries of art terms for adequate explanations of "Fauvism" and "Cubism" can now find what they have been looking for in two richly illustrated books on these subjects, with lucidly written texts, chronological surveys, and bibliographies that list even magazine articles and exhibition catalogues. Studies such as these are really needed, and Skira, which started this series, "The Great Art Revolutions," with a two-volume set on Impressionism, promises similar books on Romanticism, Realism, Post-Impressionism, Surrealism and "The New Trends in Painting"—the Expressionist and Abstract movements. For modern art history is characterized not so much by towering personalities as it is by small cliques, formed around an aesthetic credo or, sometimes, a "collective paroxysm" (Leymarie), and rarely persisting longer than a decade.

Twentieth-century art begins with the least intellectual of all modern art movements; in fact, M. Leymarie considers it neither a school nor a movement, but rather a "visceral upsurge." Indeed, the Fauves never issued programs or manifestoes, for Matisse's *Notes d'un Peintre* were published only in 1908, a year after all of the "wild beasts," save for the *chef d'école*, had abandoned the wilderness. And even Matisse stressed the goal of an "art of balance, of purity and serenity . . . something like a good armchair in which to rest from physical fatigue."

While Leymarie notes the biological sources of Fauvism, he does not overlook its relation to the *Zeitgeist*, to the intuitive philosophies of Bergson and Croce (though the anti-intellectual Vlaminc—but neither Matisse nor Derain—would have contemptuously denied the connection). Altogether, the author plays up the emotional factors in Fauvism at the expense of pure beastliness, and his favorite is Matisse for achieving effects of radiance and luminosity through wise arrangement and juxtaposition of colors rather than through pouring raw pigment right onto the canvas. Of the ten Fauves who exhibited at the Indépendants and the Salon d'Automne in and around 1905, he, logically, likes Vlaminc least, making this harsh but not unjust appraisal: "The slave of his moods and temperaments, Vlaminc was carried to the heights by the very driving force that in time betrayed the shortcomings of his vision, which lacked the spice of variety."

In addition to the genuine Fauves, the book covers several fellow travelers, with only slight links to the "school," such as Camoin and Valtat. More surprising is the inclusion of the Brücke group under the arbitrary chapter heading, "Fauvism-Expressionism." While a discussion of their aims, and even of those of the Blaue Reiter, in connection with Fauvism is quite in order, Leymarie's efforts to prove that there existed definite and deep-going connections between the French and the Germans are not convincing. Though they had common godfathers (Gauguin and Van Gogh), the Dresden group and the Parisians seem to have worked out their problems quite independently. There were analogies, but even if there had been close contacts in 1905, there would have remained a gap between the "plastic form" of the French and the "psychic force" of the Germans.

CUBISM was a far more intellectual and cohesive phenomenon than Fauvism. While M. Habasque agrees on this, he relies too much on Picasso's

denial of mathematical inspiration. Just as Leymarie mentioned Bergson and Croce in connection with the Fauves, Habasque might have pointed to the researches of Planck and Einstein that must have reached, if not the Cubists themselves, certainly their friend and mentor, the mathematician Princet (Alfred H. Barr refers to the "mensurational character" of Cubist drawings, and the possibility of their indebtedness to post-Euclidian geometry).

Habasque's narrowness on the sources of Cubism extends to his purist limitation of Cubism to the years between 1906 and 1914. He does not include Picasso's celebrated *Musicians* of 1921, nor his "Curvilinear Cubism" of 1923 and 1924, and he is silent about Braque's indubitably Cubist *Guitarist* of 1917. But excellent are his definitions of Analytical Cubism (which aimed at the decomposition of the plastic image) and the subsequent Synthetic Cubism (which allowed and even demanded the reappearance of the object). He explains how the Cubist, intuitively penetrating into an object's essence, discovers its basic characteristics and thereupon integrates them into a single image. With great emphasis, Habasque rejects the notion of Cubism as an abstract movement. Cubism, he insists, wants neither a fragmentation nor a distortion of nature; it differs from classic art only insofar as it presents a "type-object whose attributes are found in each of successive individuations" instead of representing a specific object under certain particular conditions.

In addition to the creators of Cubism, Picasso and Braque, and their loyal followers, Gris and the less widely known Marcoussis, the author discusses a number of men (such as Léger, Gleizes, Metzinger) who at one time or other were influenced by Cubism, yet eventually deviated—in some cases very far—from its basic tenets (should not Miró have been mentioned here, too?). As for the chapter on Futurism, a book-length study of this exciting and not popularly known episode would have been preferable to an enumeration of Futurism's debts to Cubism.

Just because Skira's texts are authoritative, written with a scholar's love and care (as so many other treatises are not), it is surprising that the writers have not resisted the firm's obsession with painting alone, to the complete exclusion of sculpture and the graphic arts. In a book on Cubism, one expects to find at least references to Lipchitz, Laurens and Gonzalez—and is disappointed by their total absence (the silence about Rodin and Medardo Rosso was just as deplorable in the volumes on Impressionism). As for the selection of the pictorial material, only praise can be found for the efforts to ransack collections from all parts of the world and to include pictures that are rarely seen. Regarding the quality of the color plates, I must stick to my reservations, uttered in *Art Digest* in 1953 on welcoming the—then new—small-format Skiras. I called Skira "the real Fauve among publishers." This time the Fauves are outdone!

Alfred Werner

**PAGAN MYSTERIES IN THE RENAISSANCE** by E. Wind. Yale University Press. \$7.00.

EDGAR WIND has been among the most famous lecturers on the history of art for over twenty years, but his reputation like his delivery has been by word of mouth. During the whole span of his Anglo-American career three or four essays and one more in book form have preceded this, his first substantial volume. The listeners who have waited for the permanent version of those brilliant presentations will of course find here only a fragment of the repertory—for which they should scarcely blame the author. The aura of persuasive-

ness which surrounded the memorable arguments also must suffer in translation from the crowded hall, darkened and focused on the screen, to the toneless printed word under the study lamp. Yet the suavity of a particularly beautiful English is in no way lost, and contributes noticeably to the effectiveness of the book.

It sets out to identify and explain the hidden subjects of some Renaissance pictures. This kind of book on art has a special detective-story charm, since it appears to be able to answer questions with a neatness unavailable to discussions of styles and qualities. It has also been controversial whether this is a legitimate sort of art history. Its practitioners generally are silent on this score, leaving the hoped-for accuracy of their results to justify them. But it is typical of Wind's sensitive relation to his audience that he comes back to it at various points. At some places he lets iconography work over into a phase of the history of culture. Thus, to the argument that the painters likely never read the theological or scholarly treatises he can reply that, nevertheless, we must do so to understand their approaches, just as we must read Freud to understand some modern artists who never have. We "must learn more about Renaissance arguments than the painters needed to know; and this is not, as has been claimed, a self-contradiction, but the plain outcome of the undeniable fact that we no longer enjoy the advantages of Renaissance conversation." Before we lose sight of the fact that the only "undeniable fact" here is the vanishing of the conversation, we can agree with this observation. Yet it ought to be continuously qualified by noticing that conversation always has a different tone and even content from the books that provoke it, and so do paintings derived from the respective sources.

Wind responds to another popular objection to iconography—that the abstruse subjects drawn from obscure books would have puzzled the contemporary audience—by showing definitely that some Renaissance thinkers desired their thoughts to remain riddles, and sometimes by extension images too. At other times he justifies his identifications by pointing to the many and open discussions of the themes. These can apply to different cases, and he does not keep them quite thoroughly apart. It is welcome, though, to read the firm statement that such a Renaissance thinker as Ficino was not a bit interested in the visual arts, considered them inferior, and probably would not have set up themes for them, though he is nevertheless claimed as a stimulus to artists. This view (also held by Panofsky) contradicts a famous presentation by E. H. Gombrich linking Ficino and Botticelli, with the result that the ability of iconography to make established findings is to some extent rendered doubtful. Indeed Wind takes rather too much pleasure in jumping on Gombrich, and convinces me that I did too a few years ago in similarly doubting connections between Ficino and artists.

THE Renaissance attitudes presented by the author are of a special kind. They regard Venus and other figures of ancient lore as implying a continuum from best to worst, from largest to smallest, from active to passive. Thus there are not simply the two Venuses that many people know, heavenly and physical, but a third intermediate one who is earthly and virtuous, and Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love* is interpreted as referring to the two more exalted ones. The concept of Christ includes that of a drunken god of "Affluence" because there is an infinite possible series of Trinities. The motto "make haste slowly" and the way in which Amor can be a god of death are the subjects of chapters. The Neo-Platonic law that "contraries coincide in the One" leads to Olympic gods who are all *dei ambigui*, and riddles too. Now this kind of thing occurs naturally to human minds and fascinates some of them.

That it in fact occurred to Renaissance thinkers Wind proves through his twenty-eight columns of source references, ranging from Homer and Herodotus, Machiavelli and Erasmus, to pedantic commentators doubtless as obscure in their own age as ours. Yet he does not face the problem that he has made the proofs too easy. If one supposes that a Renaissance Venus symbolizes thus-and-so, the existence of a Renaissance text reporting that symbolism seems to be a confirmation—until we know that an infinite set of Renaissance symbolic Venuses exist, so that confirmation could be found for all hypotheses.

A corrective of this, but a limitation on the importance of the book, is the close selection of the examples. The images that echo the humanists' complex thoughts are often the medals struck for them, the illustrations for their books, or works independently known to be exceptional, such as the astrological frescoes of Schifanoia. It is like showing Marxist influence through cartoons out of *The Masses*. Wind indeed gracefully acknowledges the point, with the mocking assurance that he will omit the commonplace. The proviso is again persuasive, but blurs the times when the iconographically commonplace is the artistically special. Within narrow limits, then, the book is both divertingly and informedly evocative of a phase of Renaissance ideas.

Creighton Gilbert

**JAN VERMEER: THE PAINTINGS** by Ludwig Goldschneider. Phaidon Books. \$10.00.

THE representation of everyday objects as a genre was an invention of the seventeenth-century Dutch school. In many of Vermeer's paintings especially, the still-life motif, while literally confined to a corner of the picture, in essence controls the whole. It is as if the still life in the foreground prepared one for the figure behind it. In Vermeer one finds no use of facile accident as an excuse for manipulation of the paint surface to dazzle or shock the observer. The quality of the artist's conviction and the insistence with which he pursues it are such that they impose an order on each object depicted, whether figure or bottle. He invites you to observe; no obvious demands are made. Authenticity, proceeding as it does from intimate necessity, results in a special kind of visual experience. Two hundred years were to elapse before another painter—in this case Cézanne—illuminated the representation of everyday objects with a similar clarity and force. Vermeer and Cézanne were both driven to an insistence and repetition of certain thematic materials in order to establish the validity of permanence and dignity in ages when mere material values were held supreme.

Dr. Goldschneider, in his long preface to this new edition of the Phaidon *Vermeer*, speaks of this painter's work as "an art of vision," but he scarcely moves beyond that unexceptionable statement. Another brief remark—"only Cézanne understood how to endow such white folded cloths with so much monumental significance"—completes his contribution to aesthetic criticism in this preface. For the rest, Dr. Goldschneider dwells at length on the identification of the various paintings and provides copious footnotes on the sociological and historical incidents relevant to seventeenth-century Holland. Such a discussion is indispensable for a painter like Vermeer, where authorship is often disputed, and certainly a necessity in any monograph claiming comprehensiveness. Still, one is disappointed to see the discussion end with such matters. And even on the sociological side, Dr. Goldschneider is not as complete as one might wish. The social situation which exists for the painter of today

began in seventeenth-century Holland. The private dealer took over the role of intermediary between the prosperous middle class, which was buying pictures in unprecedented numbers, and the artists who were painting them. Gradually the artist became isolated, and the dealer took control of the art market. The style and size of paintings were determined largely by these new patrons. Palace-size oils and church frescoes that dealt with the glory of rulers, both temporal and spiritual, were replaced by smaller paintings that could be hung in the cozy homes of the bourgeoisie. All in all, it adds up to a situation very close to our own. But one looks in vain for a development of these and other ideas in Dr. Goldschneider's text.

Helen De Mott

**ARCHITECTURE: NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES** by Henry-Russell Hitchcock. Pelican. \$12.50.

Few volumes in modern architectural history can be more welcome than this general survey of nineteenth- and twentieth-century production by one who stands as the proverbial "dean" of his field—for sheer range of achievement, more deserving of the title even than such notable contenders as Nikolaus Pevsner (the editor for this volume) or Sigfried Giedeon. In its wealth of detail and its magisterial assurance, this book rather evokes the Second Empire mansards or the High Victorian Gothic buildings which Hitchcock describes with such authority. Heretofore two volumes in the Propyläen series, published in the twenties with brief introductions in German by Gustav Pauli and Gustav Platz respectively, provided the only synoptic view of nineteenth- and twentieth-century architecture of consequence, save for Giedeon's selective *Space, Time and Architecture* and Hitchcock's *Modern Architecture, Romanticism and Reintegration* which appeared in 1929. Hence this new volume is not simply another survey, but quite literally the survey of its field. Moreover, the usual Pelican standards for editing and book-making make the volume itself worthy of its distinguished text, what with redrawn plans throughout the text, a compact and comprehensive bibliography and 192 pages of well-reproduced plates.

Like all Pelicans, too, Hitchcock's volume is not precisely a novice's introduction to its material. So dense a survey assumes some knowledge of and rather more than a peripheral interest in its subject, the more so since this account abounds in references to little-known buildings and architects. But despite occasional thickets of fact, Hitchcock so skillfully organizes this complex development and so cogently generalizes throughout that the serious traveler (setting aside grateful scholars and students for the moment) will find the volume a rewarding guide toward increased pleasure wherever he goes.

Geographically, the story of modern architecture is cosmopolitan. Notable episodes appear in Belgium with Horta, in Spain with Gaudí, in Holland with a development from Berlage to De Stijl, in Austria from Wagner through Loos, in the Scandinavian countries at the beginning of the nineteenth century and again in the twentieth extended to Finland with Aalto, in South America, Italy and Japan today. Viewed as a continuous narrative, however, its core consists of a threefold development: German, French and Anglo-American. German contributions bulk largest at the beginning of the nineteenth century with Schinkel's Neo-Classicism as the pinnacle of accomplishment, and again in the twentieth century until the rise of Hitler. French contributions are continuous. As Hitchcock tells the story, however, they seem far less interesting as a whole than the Anglo-

American development. He appreciates the contributions of Ledoux and the severe Neo-Classicism which Ledoux's revolutionary generation encouraged, the continuations of this Neo-Classicism as "rationalized" by increased use of metal in a few buildings by Labrousse and Hittorff, the further "rationalization" of structure in the metal-and-glass exhibition buildings and department stores toward the end of the century and, finally, of course the work of Perret and Le Corbusier. But despite its peaks of achievement and its pervasiveness, French production as a whole bulks in Hitchcock's account as essentially conservative.

Perhaps the single most surprising aspect of this volume is its revelation of the persistent creativity of the Anglo-American development. (And let it be said here that American readers will be especially interested to find at last an architectural history which fits the American story to the European—previously best available in Hitchcock's own out-of-print and out-of-date survey of 1929.) Almost one half of the text—slightly better than 200 of its 427 pages according to my count—is devoted to Anglo-American accomplishment. To be sure, despite the catholicity of his past scholarship, Hitchcock is especially well versed in British and American developments. But even making some allowance for the bias of special competence, there is reason enough for the (perhaps somewhat unconscious) predominance given to developments in these two countries.

As Hitchcock states, England and America are the national centers of the Gothic Revival which acted as the most effective solvent of eighteenth-century classical vocabularies of form, and hence compelled a more continuous and radical reorientation of architectural values than was the case on the Continent. The anarchy implicit in Gothic Revival theory was further enhanced by the unofficial nature of Anglo-American architectural education which encouraged both crankiness and individuality in design such that, even when particular episodes provide little of intrinsic quality in themselves, they are fruitful for subsequent climax. Moreover, the development of two major modern architectural types—namely the business building and the detached house, up to the 1920's when the Continental "International Style" makes significant contributions with respect to both—is almost entirely Anglo-American. Finally, by chance, American creativity comes to the fore with H. H. Richardson in the seventies and is so spliced with the concluding phases of English creativity (up to 1900) that the historian of modern architecture is continuously spinning the thread of Anglo-American achievement. A hiatus possibly occurs in the 1920's, although Hitchcock fills the void with the first over-all survey of twentieth-century "traditional" production to appear in the context of an account of what is more properly "modern" architecture.

As for the phases into which Hitchcock divides his present volume, these are three of roughly fifty years. This rather neutral division contrasts with the more positive periodization in his *Modern Architecture, Romanticism and Reintegration* published almost thirty years ago. In his brilliant youthful synthesis, Hitchcock likewise suggested a tripartite compartmentalization for modern architecture consisting of the Romantics, the New Traditionalists and the New Pioneers. Lasting through the seventies and beyond, Romanticism in its "classic" Neo-Greek and "Gothic" phases disintegrated the Renaissance-Baroque tradition as it persisted in the eighteenth century. It thus prepared the way for "modern architecture" by annihilating the old, while tentatively advancing forms, theories and attitudes which would be utilized in the succeeding phases of "reintegration." Thirty years later, Hitchcock's treatment of Romanticism has gained vastly in scope and detail, but in broad outline it retains the structure of its original formulation. The single major alteration occurs

continued on page 67



# PARIS

The Salon de Mai . . . a strike and a bomb . . . Gottlieb (and Clement Greenberg) at the Rive Droite . . . Bissière's special position . . . a new art review . . . recent work by Jean Dubuffet . . .

MY HEART sinks, I must confess, at the thought of a Salon and at the prospect of a review. This is a common feeling, surely; many critics must occasionally reach, like myself, for a volume of Diderot or Fénéon, hoping for encouragement and example. But nothing can replace the spontaneous excitement of combat, the joy of victory or the desolation of defeat. This year's Salon de Mai is the fifteenth we have had; it has, by now, won all its battles, but remains, with the *Réalités Nouvelles* (the stronghold of abstraction) and the *Ecole de Paris*, the only large exhibition of its kind which deserves and generally receives really serious critical consideration.

I did think, however, as I wandered last week through those grim halls of the Museum of the City of Paris, of Diderot's reproach to Boucher in his account of the Salon of 1767. Boucher, like De la Tour and Greuze, had refused to contribute a canvas, complaining, rather like Mr. Mark Rothko, of the insensitivity of an ignorant public and its devastating effect upon the artist's morale. Diderot replied by accusing Boucher of irresponsibility. As chief court painter and *therefore* concerned with the "progress" of art, he ought to have participated in the Salon. His younger, gifted contemporaries, following his example, would soon leave the walls of the Louvre bare and open to the work of mere daubers, thus hastening the decline of art in France.

The situation of the Salon this year was not perhaps quite that grave. Almost all the elder eminences (apart from a few perennially intransigent abstainers: Braque, Giacometti, Dubuffet, Fautrier) were present, but the quality of their canvases suggested either an inexplicably artless choice or frank contempt for the exhibition in which they had, after all, agreed to participate. Lansky's *Obstacle dans l'Obscurité* had too much of the decorative, insubstantial quality of his recently exhibited gouaches, Masson's *Couple dans la Nuit* lacked both the freedom and the coherence of the canvases last exhibited in the retrospective at the Galerie Louise Leiris, *Cueillette d'Oranges* (*Un Tissue de Mensonges*) reduced the best characteristics of Max Ernst's brilliant recent work to mere mannerisms, and the Poliakoff canvas had sacrificed every nuance, every degree of tension, to a concern with the most elementary kind of texture.

Of the major, established reputations, only the inflated and overestimated seemed well represented. Thus, Manessier's *Hommage au Saint Poète, Saint Jean de la Croix*, seemed to me characteristic, empty, apt to explode—if anything could—the Manessier myth. The most interesting period of Manessier's career had been that moment when a fresh commitment to abstraction began to make some impact on his iconographic preoccupations. That commitment's influence had been brief and salutary, not utterly unlike that exerted by Cubism on the young Chagall. Unable any longer to sustain the tension required to maintain his equilibrium, Manessier has become, as this *Saint Jean* demonstrates, an official purveyor of abstract "Saint-Sulpicerics."

The Surrealist section, with its Coutaud, its

Labisse and its Eléanore Fini seemed, as usual, an expensive, elaborate and old-fashioned joke, wholly unworthy of even the modest virtues of this year's Max Ernst, or of Matta's *L'On Est Formidable*. Once we abandon the notion of Romanticism as an historically limited movement and consider it as a permanent climate of the soul, Surrealism takes its place as one of its significant modern expressions. We have recently begun to assess its real importance for painting, now that its techniques and strategies have been absorbed and renewed by a third generation.

THE weaknesses in the painting of the first, militant generation were, in fact, similar to those of the nineteenth-century Romantics. Like them, they were obsessed with iconography—or literature. That obsession, among other things, had made Delacroix a lesser artist than he might have been; it made for a generation of very feeble Surrealist painters. This was inevitable, perhaps; it had been implicit in the tone and content of the early manifestoes. Headquarters, succumbing to the temptation of an ancient heresy of dissociation (content-form), had called for a revolutionary imagery with the imperiousness of a Counter Reformation papacy dictating the course of Jesuit art. Thus, the "literary" quality of the orthodox, thus the theatrical quality of its space.

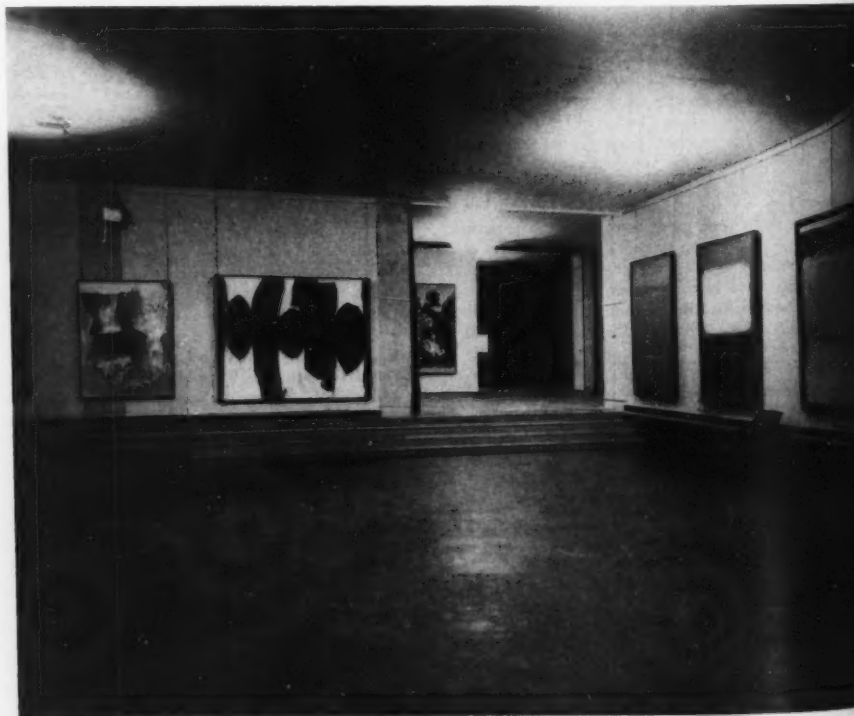
Matta's position with respect to the Surrealist tradition is interesting. The key to the difficulty of his canvases—for difficult they have always been to me—lies in his rather subtle and sophisticated spatial structure, and in his double use of color. The offensive pinks or blues or yellows or greens with their ugly luminosity are used, on the one hand, for all the literary resonance that their suggestion of synthetic hideousness can add to the visual parables of dehumanization and terror. They also punctuate the canvas, establish its rhythm, block the movement of one steely aggressive form, anchor it to the surface, kick another form back into deep space. Matta's assault on sensibility and taste is diabolically cold, almost an attempt, it would seem, to elevate nausea to



Alfred Manessier, *Hommage au Saint Poète, Saint Jean de la Croix*; at Salon de Mai.

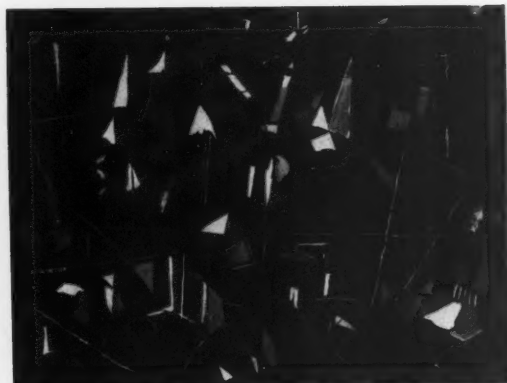
the level of an aesthetic strategy. Deprived of color, however, he is somewhat at a loss—indefinitely more pleasant, no longer quite himself. This was most apparent in his illustrations for *Vigies sur Cibles*, a collection of texts by Michaux, recently published and exhibited by the Galerie du Dragon.

Certainly the larger, the more interesting, the essential section of the Salon de Mai was the one given over to the work of the younger men. Nothing could be more unjust, however, than to judge or present the work of Corneille, Bertini, Dufour or Marfaing, all at critical stages in their careers, in terms of a single Salon canvas. Better to deal with them as they exhibit singly, as the season progresses. One quite noticeable gap was caused by the exclusion from the painting section of American participants. Last year's contingent had been quite strong; this year, however, even the long-established residents—Chelmsky and Levee, among others—were absent, and one had



Installation of "The New American Painting"; at Musée National d'Art Moderne.





Lansky, *Gouache*; courtesy Galerie Claude-Bernard.

Etienne Hajdu, *Estampille*;  
courtesy Galerie Jeanne Bucher.



Marfaing, *Painting*; at Salon de Mai.

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the impression of a deliberate exclusion—not necessarily a bad thing if one accepts the notion of a change of emphasis from year to year, but inexplicable this particular season, as the “foreign policy” seemed, on the whole, relatively liberal.

One turned, with some relief, to the sculpture section, which seems each year to become more interesting. I hope to speak of this in some detail and in relation to the Salon de la Jeune Sculpture, which is scheduled to open soon in the gardens of the Rodin Museum. The four or five panels devoted to the display of prints got, as usual, far less attention than they deserved. Actually, the level of quality was probably consistently higher here than in any other section of the Salon. Adam's *Vigie* is the work of one of the most accomplished men now working in this field. Don Fink's *Metropolitan* was a concentrated speckling of his characteristic small forms acting in counterpoint to the extremely rich texture of his paper. It was a modest work, but successful beyond those with which I am acquainted. K. Sonderborg's *Aquatinte au Sucre* 6/58 introduced him to the Salon, but he is one of the most striking young talents to have appeared in Paris these last few years and should have been represented by a major work. Finally, a word about the *Estampille* of Hajdu. An entire group of these had been shown earlier this year at the Jeanne Bucher Gallery, to my enchantment. They constitute, in a somewhat minor vein, a bridge between the marble sculptures and the metal reliefs with which we are familiar. The forms of the *Estampilles* are drawn, for the most part, from the repertory of the marbles. Highly stylized and suggesting a figured object, they are used singly or in constellation, pressed, or rather embossed, on fine paper, so as to form a relief which is minimal in its depth, but absolutely defined. The result is a drawing of white upon white, a play of thin, linear shadow in an effect which has Hajdu's characteristically elegant serenity.

WHATEVER its quality, however, the Salon is less an exhibition than an event, and though its importance should not be underestimated, it could not, this year, claim its usual priority as the season's climax. It was overshadowed by a strike and by a bomb.

The strike has just occurred at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where the students of the Department of Architecture have, in protest against the reactionary character of their jury and the hopelessly outdated exam policy, refused to participate in the annual Prix de Rome competition. Faced with an unacceptable competition problem and a curiously composed jury, they sent a letter to

André Malraux, now Minister of Cultural Affairs, calling for necessary reforms. The principal demands relate to a revision of the examination policy, a modernization of the problems (no more Monts des Martyrs, Acropolises or Pantheons of Europe) and the formation of a jury composed of members of the faculty of the Beaux-Arts and a sampling of those French architects who enjoy an international reputation. Much of the energy behind the protest derives from a mounting hostility to the preponderant influence of the Lemaesquier family (both father and son teach and sit on the prize jury). M. Lemaesquier Senior seems destined to go down in history for his refusal, in 1929, of Le Corbusier's project for the League of Nations Building, on the pretext, it is said, that the plans had not been submitted in India ink! The letter to Malraux is obviously motivated by a hope that the Ministry of Cultural Affairs is actually in a position to institute reforms of a radical nature and that the very spectacular recent announcements relating to the reorganization of the state-endowed theaters (they were more impressive as a roll call of names than as indications of a coherent cultural policy) express a real desire on the part of the Gaullist government to extend its “revolution” to the general domain of art. The student body has enlisted the support and sympathy of certain members of the National Assembly, and a detailed report has been prepared for Malraux's consideration. This year's competition has, in the meantime, been suspended, and the Minister of Cultural Affairs is expected to announce his decision shortly. His job is not likely to be made any easier by the fact that M. Lemaesquier Senior happens to be the father-in-law of M. Michel Debré, the current Prime Minister.

The affair, deliciously Balzacian though it may be, is important and deserves the widest publicity and attention. I have already had occasion to speak of the tragic predicament of architecture in France, caught in the trap of economic instability and inadequate industrialization, handicapped by a provincialism in official circles which is responsible not only for the meagerness of the construction program, the timidity and ugliness of what does emerge from it, but for the general corruption of public taste and the rapid decline of aesthetic standards. The reform of the Prix de Rome, however minor its importance may seem, is a step in the right direction.

THE bomb, planted very early in the season, had been, of course, the traveling exhibition devoted to Jackson Pollock and “The New American Painting.” It reached us last January on the last stage

of its European tour.\* Mr. Robert Melville has already reported on it in the April number of ARTS, and indeed it has been widely commented upon. Its impact here, however, has been so strong, its results are likely to be so far-reaching, that I cannot resist saying a word or two about it, and most particularly about its critical reception.

The fact that this exhibition remains, after five months, the one really lively topic of discussion in any gathering of artists, critics or dealers speaks for itself. It constituted one of the most apparently significant events of the postwar period in Paris. I say “apparently significant” because the character of its reception, the quality of public assent, was rather bizarre.

When one examines the range of opinion, one finds, with very few exceptions,† a curious unanimity of tone expressing a gentle hospitality, but great critical hesitancy, a reticence in critical commitment.

The exhibition was disconcerting, certainly, and a few canvases (the Rothkos, the Barnett Newmans) seemed to escape, or to defy, almost any critical categories or canons of taste. By and large, however, one got the feeling that ten years of advance publicity, the extraordinary success of the Declaration of Independence and a rather astute, continual drumbeating had created a kind of myth, invested American Painting, as such, with an aura of prestige that inhibited analysis. Obviously, this would not have been quite so generally the case in a country with a live critical tradition or, simply, with a few more live critics. The fact is, however, that the structure of the Paris art world, its subjugation to journalistic publicity and the tradition of the “literary” critic, in steady decline since Apollinaire, has reduced the function of criticism to that of panegyric or excommunication.

Once the initial excitement had subsided, one realized that Pollock and his fellow painters had been received with the nervous, cajoling hospitality of an aging, impoverished host who was underestimating his own considerable resources, and with the uncritical eagerness (prefigured in Sartre's 1939 essay on Dos Passos) which char-

\* Editor's Note: While the Pollock retrospective and “The New American Painting” were two separate exhibitions and traveled through Europe separately, they were shown simultaneously in Paris. “The New American Painting” is currently on view (May 28 through September 8) at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

† M. Pierre Restany and Mlle. Françoise Choay, writing respectively in *Cinéma* and *L'Observateur*, are two of these. The American issues of *Aujourd'hui* constitute another.

## PARIS

acterized the post-Liberation writer's attitude to the American novel. One looked for some precise statement of the nature of this all-important event and found only an assemblage of vague banalities. There was, for example, much concern with the size and the scale of these canvases (explained, generally, by the physical size of the United States—"a continent, not a country"), their air of rebellion ("all is not for the best in the New World"), their "expansiveness" (so "Whitmanesque"), and their "youthfulness" ("American painters are still in their childhood, expressing their immediate physical joy in the world about them"), their "spontaneity and generosity." The hospitality was somewhat qualified, then, as one might expect, by the suggestion of a condescension to a fresh and interesting art produced by a tribe of noble savages, or by the masochism of the civilized European, submitting to a rape performed upon his exquisitely decadent sensibility (Cide rejecting James in favor of Dashiell Hammett, feeling that a literature which had produced *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* could take no interest in *The Golden Bowl*). But extreme politeness was the general rule,\* and the shower of banal adjectives and superficial comparisons (Kline-Soulages, Pollock-Wols, etc.) masked an inability to formulate the relevant questions. What was the meaning of a painting which, like Newman's or Rothko's (or Abidine's or Degottex's, for that matter), is so single in its intention, so brief in its impact, that it tends to abolish the notion of duration in aesthetic experience? And what was the formal significance of the large format, what did it imply, if anything, about the condition of easel painting today? Considerable confusion, as to the significance of Pollock's adventure and its relation to that of Wols could, incidentally, have been avoided, if the public had been informed of the historical conditions under which certain of Pollock's paintings had been done, of the concern, during the early forties, with the break with the tradition of easel painting, and of the climate which that concern produced.

M. André Chastel did indeed suggest, in *Le Monde*, that the exhibition provided an opportunity to determine the extent of America's debt to Europe and the nature of her rebellion against the School of Paris. No one, however, seemed prepared to make a formal analysis of this kind. One longed for a mere, accurately descriptive review—for a Fénéon again. The painting of the next ten years will tell us whether this was the Armory Show of postwar Paris or merely another ritual ceremony on the level of international cultural relations.

WE HAD, some months later, an opportunity to deepen our acquaintance with the recent work of Adolph Gottlieb. The exhibition of paintings organized by the Galerie de la Rive Droite could not have been better timed. Apart from those very few, isolated exhibitions at galleries which, like Jeanne Bucher's, Paul Facchetti's, Stadler's and the Kléber, have maintained a policy of hospitality toward American art, we have had all too little opportunity to correct the first impressions given by official group shows. One had begun almost to suspect that the Americans were, on the whole, unconcerned with giving us the fruits of their victory over the School of Paris—so that Mr. Gottlieb's eleven canvases seemed to constitute a friendly and charitable gesture indeed. I for one greatly appreciated it, as it allowed me to reacquaint myself with one period of his work already familiar to me, and to get some sort of context or point of orientation for the canvases shown this winter at the Musée de l'Art Moderne.

\*The one really striking exception was the statement in *L'Express* to the effect that the reputation of the new American painting was the result of a calculated commercial fraud.

We had, then, the series of pictographs, centering about 1948, which characterized his style—or rather, the level on which he was making his statements—until roughly 1952. The linear forms of these small canvases ranged from a somewhat schematic semification to a frank calligraphy, and were distributed and interrelated through a technique of compartmentalization which establishes a suggestion of architecture on the surface of the canvas. His color was, as I had remembered it, gentle, accessible, not very structural in character. The general effects were handsome, not underivative, dependent on a very free syntax of juxtaposition or accretion which has since become rather widely accepted. The most recent works, preceded by a particularly interesting series of transitional paintings, are of course equally familiar to New Yorkers, since their exhibition at the Emmerich Gallery has been very aptly analyzed by Mrs. Martica Sawin in the February issue of *ARTS*. The extreme simplicity of Mr. Gottlieb's enterprise is, to some degree, qualified by his canniness in imposing an interaction between the two forms which compose each image (the large, globular form above and the jagged explosion beneath), and between these forms and the large, flat color-space in which they are suspended. The image is self-contained, very immediate in its effect, and represents, as did the Rothkos of the group show (and regardless of obvious differences of personal sensibility and style and considerations as to possible architectural frameworks), a conception of painting which, though now well established in Western art, is recent enough to be disturbing—a literal illegibility. They cannot be "read"; they offer no foothold for exploration, but engage the eye of the beholder, totally perhaps, but all at once and in a single instant. They seem, as I suggested above, to abolish the possibility of duration in our experience of them, with an urgency and simplicity of a rather authoritarian kind. They do actually prolong their effect in time, but through no complexity of structure—rather through a visual effect analogous to that of resonance, and subject perhaps to the same limitations as a score composed of a single interval.

MR. GOTTLIEB's exhibition also introduced Mr. Clement Greenberg to the Parisian gallery-goer. "Introduced" is perhaps not quite the word. I seem to remember that he made his official debut some time ago, under the doubtful auspices of the French weekly *Arts*, with an article whose headline screamed that American painting was ten years ahead of what was being done in Paris. That headline was, of course, an archreactionary paper's Machiavellian way of giving both Mr. Greenberg and the entire "New York School"

enough rope to hang themselves with. Fortunately they did not succeed. Mr. Greenberg's preface for this exhibition did not, however, give the impression of having been written for the Paris exhibition; it read rather like the translation of a text composed for a previous, New York show. Its references to a Gottlieb-Tomlin rivalry must have seemed somewhat obscure to the French reader, and not quite relevant to the matter at hand. Personally I was somewhat surprised by the rather vague and tentative quality of Mr. Greenberg's remarks about Gottlieb's present work, as I had vivid memories of him as an early, keen supporter, and, of course, a keen analyst. His rather coyly cryptic observations about *Burst*, a "masterpiece" which nevertheless remains to be improved upon, the prophecies of the "eye-shaking revelation," the "something utterly unforeseeable and explosive" which is to emerge in the future, the art which "creates itself from moment to moment and which offers an experience we cannot get in museums," his quite unsupported statement about a future "unparalleled handling of color and handling of paint texture," all seemed rather vague—and vaguely French, now that I think of it. They amounted to a public vote of confidence on the strength of past performance and suggested a malaise about the present. Writing at that time in a Parisian paper, I felt impelled to dwell upon Mr. Greenberg's great services to American painters and their public and upon my own personal debt to the courage and astuteness of the early articles in *The Nation* and in *Parisian Review*. This, however, is probably the place to say that he seemed both to underrate the importance of the recent Gottliebs as characteristic of a direction taken by painting both in France and in New York today, and yet to overrate their quality as separate, autonomous achievements.

THE Salon, the Strike and the Bomb, then, set the tone, modified the climate of the season, but the succession of exhibitions has been steady, as usual, almost oppressively rich. Utrillo has left Charpentier's free to receive the Pre-Columbian sculptors and artisans, Arp is now showing at the Denise René Gallery, Tal Coat has a major exhibition at Maeght's, the Lasar Segal exhibition at the Musée de l'Art Moderne was replaced—if that is the word—by the Bissière retrospective, which is in turn to be followed by the Lipchitz show.

Bissière's very particular place in the School of Paris is possibly responsible for the fact that this was the first really comprehensive exhibition of his work held here. Certainly one can think of no reason other than the modest and unassertive quality of his work and the long, honorable pedagogical career which have set him quite apart.

It is true, of course, that Bissière was slow to find his own, chosen way. This exhibition gave us, for example, a number of orthodox, handsome *Still Lifes* dated as late as 1927. One, in particular, is undeniably successful. They are, however, unambitious, perhaps unavoidably so, since Bissière came to Cubism at a time when its impetus had long subsided in Paris and at a moment when it was congealing (in the work of Gleizes and Lhote) into an academic convention. The quality of these late Cubist works is, however, another demonstration of Cubism's power, as convention, to reward patience and industry with an aura of coherence and refinement.

It was, however, after this last war, after the years of teaching at the Académie Ranson, after the liberation from the influence of Braque, perhaps as a result of the solitude created by the retreat from Paris and reinforced by the terrible threat of blindness, that Bissière became Bissière. We then begin to get the charming lyrical variations on the harmonic relationships between a characteristic linear grill and an over-all play of bright, tender color.

This exhibition gave us, as the recent show



Adolph Gottlieb, *Painting*;  
at Galerie de la Rive Droite.



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z show.

THE relation of abstraction to representation, of painting to image, formed the basis of the Lapou-  
jade exhibition which opened the new Galerie  
du Musée de Poche and coincided with the publi-  
cation of the first issue of a remarkable new art  
review. The "Musée" is, of course, the widely dis-  
tributed series of small, illustrated monographs on  
Arp, Soulages, Bissière, Pignon, Fautrier, Dubuf-  
fet, De Staël and many others, published by M.  
Georges Fall. The gallery, which is to serve as a  
center for M. Fall's publishing activities, followed  
its first exhibition with a show of work by Ber-  
tholle.

I wish to speak most particularly of the new  
review, however, as it seemed to me so excellently  
and thoroughly thought out, so salutary an event,  
in fact, as to deserve almost unqualified support.  
Its format is unpretentious and elegant, its illus-  
trations aptly chosen and well reproduced. Most  
of all, however, it seems to represent an attempt  
at a serious review, prepared, like *Aujourd'hui*  
but appealing to a less specialized public, to de-  
fine or call into question, as the case may be, the  
major categories of critical thought and fashion  
now prevailing here.

The opening extracts from Worringer's *Abstrak-  
tion und Einfühlung*, the articles by Cailliois and  
Jaguer, the text by Lapoujade which, like his  
exhibition, hovers about the threshold dividing  
figuration from abstraction, the extracts from  
Cornell's *Ethiopian Journal* (and their sumptu-  
ous illustrations) and the juxtaposition of Michel  
Courtois's rather hero-worshipping portrait of Tobey

recent shows

June 1959



Jean Dubuffet, *Terre aux Epices*;  
at Galerie Daniel Cordier.

held at the Galerie Jeanne Bucher could not, an  
opportunity to follow the long, mysteriously slow  
development of a personal style, the progress, the  
pauses, the retreats and hesitations and the leaps  
ahead. It enabled us to see, as well, the series of  
tapestries executed in 1944 and never exhibited  
in Paris since their first showing at the René  
Drouin Gallery in 1957.

The tapestries represent, in the context of the  
postwar revival of this medium, something quite  
particular, hardly at all related to the efforts of  
Lurcat and his fellow-designers and -weavers at  
Aubusson. Bissière used an infinite number of  
small bits of stuff, madly diversified in texture  
and design, stitched beautifully together, by  
Madame Bissière, into a patchwork pattern, de-  
signed and organized about a figurative axis. The  
visual effect is naturally one of quick oscillation  
between the proposed "figure," drawn from popular  
iconography, and the rich, abstract pattern formed  
by the juxtaposition of textiles. The firmness of  
the "drawing" and the complexity of the "patter-  
ning" are both pushed very far. One very much  
regrets that Bissière did not pursue this experi-  
ment into his nonfigurative period.

and Pierre Schneider's very sober remarks on the  
nature of the limits of our relationship to the art  
and culture of the Orient, the abundant selection  
of drawings reproduced from the notebooks of  
De Staël, are all so many proofs of generosity and  
high seriousness.

JEAN DUBUFFET's work burst upon us with some-  
thing of a shock in 1944. The *succès de scandale*  
has long since subsided into a knowing accept-  
ance. The excitement and indignation have long  
since calmed. Now that the linear willfulness of  
the early landscapes, the iconic frontality of the  
figures and portraits, the aggressive sophistication  
of the infantile imagery have been absorbed and  
transcended, Dubuffet takes his place as a minor  
master.

The generation which had sustained the succe-  
ssive shocks of Dadaism and Surrealism need not  
for a moment have been disconcerted by the artful  
distortion, the deliberate delirium of these early  
canvases. Dubuffet's recognition of the horror and  
violence of human experience is not difficult to  
accept, but his refusal to accept the anthropocen-  
tric spirit of Occidental humanism is. For Dubuf-  
fet, this world is one, and the separation of the  
kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—is a  
lie, a scandal not to be tolerated. This point of  
view finds expression not only in his own writings,  
which I have discussed in a previous issue, but  
throughout the entire range of modern, Surrealist-  
influenced French literature, from Artaud through  
Michaux, from Vaché through Audiberti. Dubuffet  
speaks, in the *Prospectus pour Amateurs de Tout  
Genre*, of having been much preoccupied at one  
time by the nature of anthracite coal, and of having  
painted the female nude at that particular time  
with the colors and forms of coal present in his  
mind. "And," he goes on to ask, "what could be  
more natural, since Nature's continuity links all  
the objects that make up our world?"

These last few years he has meditated on the  
primacy of the earth, and the fruits of his reflec-  
tion, the drawings and "Assemblages" now on  
view at M. Daniel Cordier's handsome new gal-  
lery, express, in a most accomplished fashion, his  
feeling for the animate potential of the inorganic  
world.

The series of *Texturologies* and *Topographies*,  
which "represent" small areas of the soil seen, in  
depth, from above, occupy a place apart within  
the general range of his work. They are conceived  
on a level of pure abstraction which was only  
implicit in the remarkable series of *Tables*. Those  
*Tables*, which gradually acquired the semblance  
of living creatures and then of entire landscapes,  
have now absorbed the full surface of the canvas.

The steady preoccupation with texture which  
acts, as in Fautrier's work (though both men  
might reject any suggestion of a parallel), to sug-  
gest the pathos of matter aspiring to the condition  
of form, has subsided. The heavy, bulky surfaces,  
which suggested some magical cookery, as if they  
had been brewed, not painted, have disappeared,  
and with them all suggestions of mere *cuisine*.  
There remain, however, the range of close values,  
the inventiveness which has shifted its emphasis  
from the level of drawing to that of over-all de-  
sign, and a very successful and not at all intrusive  
technique of collage or "assemblage" which uses  
strips of painted canvas. Though Dubuffet's "con-  
tribution" to modern painting may not be of a  
revolutionary or radical nature—it is not pitched  
on that level of aspiration—it now takes its place  
among those which help to swell the number of  
works which really do delight the eye and refresh  
the spirit. Modesty, inventiveness and a wholly  
personal accent and inflection which transform his  
inherited vocabulary are the virtues of these latest  
pictures which celebrate the vitality of the soil in  
its molecular dance.

Annette Michelson

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## LONDON

The Tate acquires two paintings by  
Alfred Wallis . . . his influence on  
Christopher Wood . . . Heron, Hilton,  
Frost and Wynter at the Waddington

THE Tate Gallery's recent acquisitions include two paintings by the Cornish fisherman Alfred Wallis, who died in 1942 at the age of eighty-seven, after many years of lonely and poverty-stricken retirement spent in painting, bible-reading and cantankerous preparedness for the call to Paradise. Wallis was probably a more naïve painter than any of the French "modern primitives." He did not have the problem of remaining naïve, and it is difficult to date his work because it provides no evidence at all that he was on his way to becoming a virtuoso of his totally homemade style. He drew like a child, but he is one of the greatest painters of boats on the sea that we have ever had. He achieves a kind of form that derives from an organic relationship between all the areas of color, and, in the language of Adrian Stokes, we have the sensation before his work that something in movement has miraculously "set."

It is Adrian Stokes, a painter himself but first and foremost a writer of genius, who has given the Tate its two Wallises, and one of them, *Journey to Labrador*, will one day, I prophesy, become—like Palmer's *Hilly Scene with Church and Moon*, which hangs in minute majesty at the entrance to the Blake room—a sacred object. It already has a very special place in the history of an English movement which is at last beginning to fulfill its promise in an exhibition of paintings by four artists of the so-called "middle generation" which has opened at the Waddington Galleries in Cork Street, and one of these four, Roger Hilton, has just painted "out of his head," as if to provide the movement with a talisman, a marvelous little picture of a boat on the sea that could be called *Homage to Alfred Wallis*.

*Journey to Labrador* superbly exemplifies Wallis's approach to painting, but it is not for this



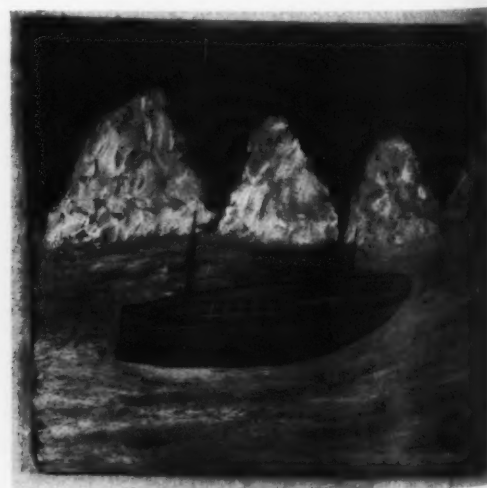
Patrick Heron, *Gray and Yellow*;  
at Waddington Galleries.

reason alone that it seems a fixed star even to eclectics (such as your present London correspondent) who refrain from setting their courses by it. It is especially bright in our little section of the heavens because it is inextricably involved with a remarkable literary work, in something of the same way that the *Gioconda* is as much an essay by Pater as a painting by Leonardo. At the mention of the word "literary" I think I heard several painters saying in unison, but indistinctly because they were choking with laughter, "Haven't we always said that he read too much Andre Breton at an impressionable age?" But I take it upon myself to speak for them too, even though they may not have read the book in question. It is Adrian Stokes's *Colour and Form*, published in 1938, and probably long since out of print.

IN THIS extraordinary subtle and sometimes "difficult" work, Stokes elaborates an aesthetic of the organic reciprocity of forms through the medium of their colors, and a brief passage about Wallis includes this poetic and accurate account, poetic because it is accurate, of the way the color functions in *Journey to Labrador*: "Wallis in one picture has painted a red-brown boat upon a dirty white-brown sea with white icebergs at the back of the picture. . . . A warm coloration is used successfully to convey the dead-cold sea of melted ice-slush. Were the hue of the sea without adjacency to the darker color of the boat, this



Roger Hilton, *A Strange Route*;  
at Waddington Galleries.



Alfred Wallis, *Journey to Labrador*;  
at Tate Gallery.





Bryan Wynter, *Green Spoor*;  
at Waddington Galleries.

disintegration of ice-slush would not have been suggested. One's sense of a colored area added up and 'going into' another, allows the impression of augmentation and of disintegration. Boat and sea are in reality bound by interaction. Without any direct suggestion of weight or movement or buoyancy, this general as well as a particular relationship is thus fixed. At the same time the significance of the slightest difference in color and tone is dramatized. Great meaning of coldness belongs to the dirty white tinges in the sea, and equally to the slight reddening of the boat, haven of comparative warmth upon the waste."

Eloquent in itself, this passage is even more persuasive when read in its context, where, amidst equally brilliant analyses of more sophisticated and complex color relationships in the art of Matisse and Picasso, the Wallis is distinguished as the example which could be productive of the future.

It was Stokes's conception of space-color composition that gave Patrick Heron his terms of reference both as painter and critic, and formed his passionately biased slant on the potential development of modern art. Heron's critical intervention, conducted with ruthless repetitiousness, brought Stokes's formulations into the open, and he has been the much-needed spokesman of those artists of the "middle generation" who during the last ten years or more have been ruggedly, doggedly, often unknowingly and sometimes ineptly moving along the "Road to Labrador."

The first attempt to take this road was made by Christopher Wood around about 1928, well before any of these painters appeared on the scene. (Hilton, the oldest of them, was about to become a student at the Slade.) Wood died in 1930 at the age of twenty-nine, and we accord his work the kind of esteem that is reserved for the poetry or painting, bright with promise, of those who die young. Eric Newton wrote a tenderly exaggerated preface for the retrospective held before the war at the Redfern Gallery, and it has been reprinted for the second retrospective, which has just been held at the same gallery. In the interval, it has not unnaturally become somewhat quaint. "He is a lyric poet of the first rank," we read. "His Cornish and Breton seas are fretted with a foam that can only be seen through magic casements." He is not a lyric poet of the first order; he is a sophisticated naïf, with a real touch of "belle peinture" taken from the example of Braque and Modigliani, and in a way the outmoded fairy language in which Newton praises his seaside paintings is no longer an exaggeration. But toward the end of his life Wood was introduced to the work of Wallis by, so I have been told, Ben

Nicholson, and his paintings of the coasts of Cornwall and Brittany instantly became more solemn. He began to see best "on gray days," when the sparkle was off the water, but although he sometimes came near to achieving an equal insistence of the colors, it was a matter of heightening and deepening the colors commonly associated with the objects he depicted, and his scenes remained stubbornly picturesque. His last paintings acquired a more meditative charm than the previous work; they were—and still are—a delightful commentary on the exterior world, but they are lacking in inner resonance. They were not a bridge between Wallis and the future.

The painters at the Waddington Galleries have in common with Wood an interest in the art of Wallis and a profound affection for Cornwall. But any affinity they may have with Wallis derives from the concepts his work illustrates rather than from the direct influence of Wallis, and if the Cornish scene is an emotional factor in their work it is never directly depicted. The most that can be said in this respect is that their "pictorial realities"—this applies more to Hilton and Terry Frost than to Heron and Bryan Wynter—often yield traces of the values of contingency, though it seems to me that they derive as much from a feeling for certain shapes and activities in the paintings of others as from the Cornish scene. There are in Hilton, for instance, trailing lines and potlike shapes and ragged compartments that remind one of Graham Sutherland—an artist whom the theorist of the group woefully misunderstands—and, ironically enough, in Frost's latest and best painting, *Red, Gray and Black*, the horizontal forms coming in from the right (which lend poignancy to his space) arouse strong emotional associations with the horizontal flower-stems which come in from the side in such Sutherlands as the *Horned Forms* in the Museum of Modern Art. But the influence of Sutherland is extraordinarily pervasive, and is to be found in the work of almost every English painter who has made his mark since 1938.

Wynter is a different kind of painter from the other three. He does not make space-color compositions, which depend upon the mutual enhancement of all the areas of color; instead he writes busy little signs on an all-over ground of color and produces a seethingly activated surface which is very effective and decorative, and sometimes poetic, as in *Green Spoor*, where there is some sense of hanging forms over water, some sense of the twilight life of an English stream overhung by foliage.

Hilton, Frost and Heron are making formidable contributions to space-color and composition, and as might be expected it is Heron who provides the "copybook" demonstrations. His ladders of broad paint marks and his complexes of rectangles provide the largest accumulations of reciprocal colors, the most calculated eliminations of subsidiary forms and the most naked pursuits of equal insistence, the clearest arithmetic of "adding up" and "going into," the simplest manifestations of identity in difference—yet his contribution is a triumph of precept in practice, for his paintings are the most beautiful, refined and stable works in the exhibition. His *Gray and Yellow*, quite the loveliest painting on view, no doubt pays far too much tribute to the kind of Rothko which he praised in ARTS a year ago, but it achieves the "stronger contrasts and sharper vibration" that he would have liked the Rothko to have, and when one is in front of his large and lovable family of rectangles one is reminded more of the serenity and steadiness of the complex interrelations of color in a Morandi still life than of Rothko. Considering how hard Heron used to try to become the English Braque, this might be called praise with a vengeance.

Robert Melville

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### **The Drawings of Nicholas Marsicano**

The American artist Nicholas Marsicano, whose paintings are well known and represented in a number of museum collections, is currently having his first one-man show of drawings in New York at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery (May 25-June 13). The exhibition is made up of fifty works, all of them on the theme of the figure and all executed with brush on paper. They constitute a vigorous and handsome display, comprising a variety of image and expression within the limits of this medium.







## Recent Acquisitions



One of the outstanding accessions of the season is the Worcester Art Museum's *St. Bartholomew*, an early Rembrandt, seemingly painted about 1632. The work was purchased through the Buffington Fund. Formerly in the Dumbarton Oaks Collection and then presented to Harvard by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, the painting was sold to the museum to further the university's specialization in Byzantine art.



The Metropolitan Museum in New York has placed on exhibit one of El Greco's last works, *St. John's Vision of the Mysteries of the Apocalypse*, purchased through the Rogers Fund. The work came to the Metropolitan from the collection of the painter Ignacio Zuloaga. This acquisition brings to seven the number of El Grecos in the museum's collection, which includes the unique *View of Toledo*.

# An Apology to Trajan

The death of this artist, who was virtually forgotten by the art world, dramatizes the crisis of current values.

BY HILTON KRAMER

*... to one who fixes his eye on the ideal goal, the greatest art often seems the greatest failure, because it alone reminds him of what it should have been. Trivial stimulations coming from vulgar objects, on the contrary, by making us forget altogether the possibility of a deep satisfaction, often succeed in interesting and in winning applause. The pleasure they give us is so brief and superficial that the wave of essential disappointment which would ultimately drown it has not time to rise from the heart.*

—George Santayana

**T**HE sculptor and painter Turku Trajan died on the evening of March 14 in his studio on East 17th Street in New York. He was seventy-one years old. His birthplace had been the town of Gyulafehérvár, in Hungary, and he had lived in New York since 1908. In the half century of his residence in this country, he had shown himself to be one of the most brilliantly endowed talents which ever came to flower in this cold climate. He was a sculptor of the most extraordinary and heroic vision, and a painter of subtle, poetic sensibility. He left behind him a body of work which exists on a level that few American artists of his generation even conceived as a possibility, and which the younger generations long ago abandoned as a hopeless, "European" dream. Yet, at the time of his death he had virtually been forgotten by the official New York art world, and he died in the most extreme poverty. The contributions of some younger artists, who cared for his work and his memory, paid for his funeral.

It takes the shock of a death like Trajan's, so utterly unnoticed by the political personalities who now preside over the making of reputations in New York, so completely ignored by the curators and collectors and critics who will be jockeying to get hold of a particularly good example of Trajan's work the day after tomorrow—or the day after that: it will happen sooner or later—it takes the shock of death to reveal the full magnitude of the hypocrisy and decadence which now overshadow the life of art in this country. That we could ignore a talent like Trajan's with such ease, that we could suffer his loss with such a minimal notice and so indifferent a response, speaks not only of a callous attitude toward a brilliantly endowed individual, but of a basically cynical attitude toward art itself. The indifference which greeted Trajan's death, like the indifference which had been shown his art amidst the boom of careers and reputations in the 1950's, reveals the depth of our indifference to a particular kind of *quality* in art. It dramatized the distance we have traveled from values which only the other day might still have been taken for granted but which are now finally revealed as wholly in doubt, if not altogether lost. And it should long ago have been clear that if we have lost our capacity to respond to a particular kind of quality in art, we have lost as

well the faculty of sensibility which permits us to respond to this same quality in life.

Trajan's last major exhibition took place at the Valentine Gallery in November, 1944. In the interim, to measure by the frequency at which artists show their works nowadays, he exhibited very little—an occasional piece at the Tanager Gallery, a piece in the Stable Annual, a few paintings in the Washington Square Art Show, which somehow satisfied his sense of the irony of his own position. His alienation from current artistic values was very deep, and inevitably it affected his work in a way which symbolizes both the alienation and its consequences. For Trajan took to reworking his old pieces over and over again, breaking up certain sculptures and doing them over years after the work had originally been finished. At his death certain pieces, which friends had seen completed years ago, were broken and on their way to a revised expression.

We should make no mistake about this compulsion of Trajan's to rework his old pieces. This was the wound which the world's indifference inflicted on an important body of work. Having no outside world to pass into, Trajan's art could only return to dwell again in his own imagination where his sense of the perfectibility of art was nagging and unappeased. This relentless will to recast his work over and over again was a mark of both his despair and his aspiration—the despair of knowing his work had status only in his own eye and his own studio; the aspiration of his dream of what perfection he might possibly impart to each effort if only still another attempt were made.

**W**HAT, then, is one to make of this *oeuvre* as it stands today, with the dust of the studio still on it?

There are first of all the sculptures. They are small and large and even monumental in scale. Most of them are of the human figure, male and female, and many are heroic in conception. For the most part they are *painted*, not as a substitute for the more expensive patina of bronze—the sculptures are mostly made of plaster or cement—but as an essential part of their realization. The painting of these sculptures has a subtle eloquence, and cannot be put down as a touching archaism with a few references to the Greeks. It has its roots in Impressionism and Fauvism, and particularly in the Impressionist effects of light which Rodin brought to sculpture as a basic element of its plastic power. Trajan derived from both the Impressionism of the painters (one often feels his particular affinity with a latter-day Impressionist like Bonnard) and the sculptural Impressionism of Rodin. What he created in the best of his painted sculpture was a style which incorporated Impressionist color into the heroic sculptural style which Rodin had made viable for the

Trajan's studio, photographed after his death



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PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTEK WEISSMAN



## An Apology to Trajan

twentieth century. It was an original conception—by which I do not necessarily mean it was new—and it enlarged the *means* of sculpture. In a number of brilliant instances Trajan realized it with the mark of genius.

There are the paintings themselves, small and tender-minded, often dazzling in the economy and lyricism of their execution. Here the still life and the landscape are the major themes. There are drawings galore, some of them life-size and larger. The figure is their abiding interest. And there are the water colors, many of them records of travel in Florida and the Adirondack Mountains, and some of them of a quite astonishing virtuosity.

To see all this work in the intimacy of the artist's studio is an almost unbearable experience. It is not perhaps the best atmosphere in which to evaluate and distinguish the particular successes, the really outstanding achievements in this *oeuvre*, from the lesser and more workaday examples. However, it is an atmosphere in which the special quality of the artist's mind makes itself felt with a compelling force, and it might be a more useful as well as a happier task to articulate, as well as one can under the circumstances, what this quality consists of, and perhaps to speculate on the reasons for its fugitive status at the present juncture of our artistic affairs.

**A**s a sculptor Trajan sought for the heroic image, and for him the heroic abided above all in the human figure. Now we all know that the modern temper eschews the heroic in favor of the pure, the ironic, the serene, the lyrical—in favor of the most hieratic idealism or the most violent nihilism—but that



Paglinacci.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTEK WEISSMAN

opposite page: *The Golden West*; above: Trajan's studio.



## An Apology to Trajan



*Still Life* (oil).

a heroism based on the human image as a universe of artistic discourse has been closed, as if by some collective historic agreement, to the whole spectrum of modernist endeavor.

We must remember that Trajan was already a grown man by the time the First World War transformed the heritage of the nineteenth century into the crisis of the twentieth. He was thus of the generation which bridged two worlds, looking back on the nineteenth century as something more intimate and personal than mere history and confronting the twentieth as something grander than the stage on which the last and most minimal remnants of an artistic tradition were to be elevated to the status of major expression. I think we need to see Trajan as a contemporary (as much by virtue of temperament as of chronology) of Bonnard and Rouault if we are to understand the values he essayed for his art.

At the time of his Valentine exhibition in 1944, Trajan wrote a statement for his catalogue which made these values explicit: "The character of the present exhibition is the result of twenty

years of work and of accumulated conviction. The resultant product is due to an aim for spiritual expression contrary to the almost unanimous tendency to consider the material of prime importance. My work refuses to be bound by this limitation and so I consider shape, form, and color as well as movement, balance, and majesty unhampered as the real objective of a work of art." And among the papers found after Trajan's death was a letter from a fellow artist of his own generation, Lyonel Feininger, who responded precisely to this quality of spiritual otherness in Trajan's work. Feininger wrote:

My dear Trajan,

... I am very fond of your sculptures: they have a deep, mystical appeal to me. I know of none other of our times which can be compared to these figures for their intense expression and primitive warmth.

Study for *The Golden West*.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTE WEISSMAN

## An Apology to Trajan



PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTE WEISSMAN

*Fallen Angel.*

*Head of a Poet.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTE WEISSMAN



*Landscape (oil).*

*Landscape (water color).*



They should stand in a suitable environment, in some old-world castle or in a cloister such as I have often dreamed of. They are utterly strange in a New York setting, except in your own studio full of mystery. Still, I think they are well placed in the gallery to be seen, although separated from their true destiny, alas. I wish for you that they may find their true place.

With sincere affection,  
yours truly,  
Lyonel Feininger.

Whatever the "true destiny" of Trajan's art may be, it has not been permitted to find it in the New York art world of today. The impulse in this art is all toward the realization and fulfillment of a vision as against its dissolution and compromise in mere materials. It is an art in which method and material, though grasped with profound knowledge and understanding, are always subordinated to vision and idea. Trajan tried to recover the fullness of the past, not as an archaeologist but as a mind still in touch with its meaning and power. He was un-

willing to give up his personal culture, which disclosed a concept of art larger and more heroic than any he could see around him, for the sake of the parochial "history" of the present.

The price he paid was his alienation from the immediate scene. In the forties the depth of this alienation was only beginning to make itself felt; one has a sense of it even in Feininger's touching and poetic letter. But in the fifties, when New York fell so totally under the spell of the hysteria and self-congratulation which now color all values and all judgments about art, this alienation became more intense. One hesitates to make a symbol out of something so tragically literal and particular as a man's death, yet it is no wonder that Trajan's passing has seemed to a certain few people to represent the death of a certain kind of quality in art, and the indifference which his passing has met, the death of its possibility for the future.

*Heleen*



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PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTTKE WEISSMAN

# The Future of Pompeian Painting

Sociable

and discreet, this art of antiquity has news for the solemn painting of the twentieth century.

BY DONALD SUTHERLAND

**P**OMPEIAN painting, except perhaps to the supersensitive, has but slight pornographic interest and no great technical interest after the surprise that it got as far as it did into Rococo color and drawing. None of it is quite what you would call a masterpiece, and kilometers of it are terrible by any standards. Yet it every so often clearly expresses attitudes which might make it a useful ally for breaking the present academic ice of pure and soliloquial painting. It looks very promising as a primitive source of an impure, loose and sociable painting to come.

Four at least of its elements might conspire toward such a movement: its sense of its own existence, its theory of space, its prejudices about composition, and its peculiar tact about subject matter.

**O**RDINARILY modern painting exists in itself, as a sort of absolute, and this, which was its interest at first, is finally making it tedious. Any absolute gets to be tedious in time, and then about all it can do to be interesting or interested is to make faces at itself. So after pure Abstractionism comes Abstract Expressionism, but one cannot remain startled by it for long. Absolute painting may also jump up and down, spin around, powder its nose, sing to itself, neglect its appearance, and tell itself how bad it feels or how good, how scared or how devil-may-care, but once it has thoroughly convinced itself it is really there, is what it is, and does feel what it feels, it will have to interest itself in relating itself to things outside itself, or become merely ingrown. A pity, because absolute painting has been so exhilarating to watch even when in difficulties with itself, but the time comes when deep inside itself it needs to go outside itself, as at puberty. At first it may risk only a few outer relations, in order not to get so entangled it loses sight of itself, as no absolute ought really to do. Indeed, puberty is so delicate a stage, and the puberty of an absolute so awfully so, that perhaps painting should still resist being tempted by Pompeian painting, which exists almost entirely in questionable relations and not in itself.

Most of it, though mural, was done in private houses or villas, the front parts of which were commonly open not only to friends and relatives but to passing strangers and parasites. The quality of reception in the houses and the painting naturally varied, from dignified reserve through enticement to vulgar display, from charm in the bedroom to festivity in the dining room and affability in the atrium, but the painting had to stay pretty well within the category of hospitality and a general intention to entertain. From about 80 B.C. to A.D. 79, when it was stopped by an eruption of Vesuvius, the history of Pompeian painting is one of becoming more and more entertaining. Houses in our suburbs have now a comparable disposition, but painting is not ready to join their party. In Pompeii, largely a resort town and, like most of the Neapolitan coast, a refuge from the solemnities of Rome, the painting had either to join

the party or be a party in itself, especially as it was inherent to the very walls and had no choice.

**M**ODERN painting, being mostly easel and easily moved, has no definite place to which to relate itself. Placelessness is very well for an absolute and gives a certain lyric intensity of independence to the existence of any painting, but it also makes the painting feel isolated from the life of the place it happens to be in for the moment, and awkward at a party. It is not often that a painting manages gracefully its true position, of houseguest. If Expressionist, it seems to make a scene or be far too confidential, and if pure abstraction it either fades into decoration or kills the party by its monumentality, as if an archbishop had come into the house on the wrong day.

Indeed, sacredness is what modern painting of all sorts suffers from most. Partly because it has been on the defensive it has given itself credit and confidence by borrowing the sanctity of music, or geometry, or childhood, optics, psychology, the individual, tradition, the working class, or the Aesthetic Experience, or the phenomenology of Space, or religion itself, or what not. These sanctities—which, taken directly, can be very dubious but, when only referred to or transposed into painting, can feel conclusive enough—have served well for intimidating irrelevant criticism and for getting painting done with less misgiving, but they fatally chill the social sense, which is about all that inwardly sustains Pompeian painting. They are excellent for public or museum painting, for masterpieces, but not for painting involved in a very mixed secular company which is not its public at all but its guests. Sanctity is fundamentally alone with itself, and Pompeian painting is essentially not.

It is not even single paintings, but groups or societies of paintings, sometimes in a too persistent and declamatory series all around a room, but often, in each panel as you wandered around, a separate assortment of paintings differing in size and shape and color and kind. The painting, like its guests, is a mixed company and conversational. So it maintains a variability through all its detail, both of form and of content. Since criticism these days is still classical and speaks well of permanence if not eternity, of unity, solidity, perfection, integrity, and so on, variability hardly sounds like a good thing. But in Romantic metaphysics it is an essential mode of Becoming—or of the Potentiality which precedes and permeates actual Becoming. One can make Variability sound sacred if one cares to. But in this connection it is a party value, as permanence, unity, perfection, and so on, are not. So Pompeian painting has to express the passing aspect of anything, the part or anecdote or incident rather than the whole, as in animated conversation. It cultivates a certain fashionable negligence rather than either perfection

Landscape with Figures;  
courtesy Museo Nazionale, Naples.

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June 1959





# The Future of Pompeian Painting

Sociable

and discreet, this art of antiquity has news for the solemn painting of the twentieth century.

BY DONALD SUTHERLAND

**P**OMPEIAN painting, except perhaps to the supersensitive, has but slight pornographic interest and no great technical interest after the surprise that it got as far as it did into Rococo color and drawing. None of it is quite what you would call a masterpiece, and kilometers of it are terrible by any standards. Yet it every so often clearly expresses attitudes which might make it a useful ally for breaking the present academic ice of pure and soliloquial painting. It looks very promising as a primitive source of an impure, loose and sociable painting to come.

Four at least of its elements might conspire toward such a movement: its sense of its own existence, its theory of space, its prejudices about composition, and its peculiar tact about subject matter.

**O**RDINARILY modern painting exists in itself, as a sort of absolute, and this, which was its interest at first, is finally making it tedious. Any absolute gets to be tedious in time, and then about all it can do to be interesting or interested is to make faces at itself. So after pure Abstractionism comes Abstract Expressionism, but one cannot remain startled by it for long. Absolute painting may also jump up and down, spin around, powder its nose, sing to itself, neglect its appearance, and tell itself how bad it feels or how good, how scared or how devil-may-care, but once it has thoroughly convinced itself it is really there, is what it is, and does feel what it feels, it will have to interest itself in relating itself to things outside itself, or become merely ingrown. A pity, because absolute painting has been so exhilarating to watch even when in difficulties with itself, but the time comes when deep inside itself it needs to go outside itself, as at puberty. At first it may risk only a few outer relations, in order not to get so entangled it loses sight of itself, as no absolute ought really to do. Indeed, puberty is so delicate a stage, and the puberty of an absolute so awfully so, that perhaps painting should still resist being tempted by Pompeian painting, which exists almost entirely in questionable relations and not in itself.

Most of it, though mural, was done in private houses or villas, the front parts of which were commonly open not only to friends and relatives but to passing strangers and parasites. The quality of reception in the houses and the painting naturally varied, from dignified reserve through enticement to vulgar display, from charm in the bedroom to festivity in the dining room and affability in the atrium, but the painting had to stay pretty well within the category of hospitality and a general intention to entertain. From about 80 B.C. to A.D. 79, when it was stopped by an eruption of Vesuvius, the history of Pompeian painting is one of becoming more and more entertaining. Houses in our suburbs have now a comparable disposition, but painting is not ready to join their party. In Pompeii, largely a resort town and, like most of the Neapolitan coast, a refuge from the solemnities of Rome, the painting had either to join

the party or be a party in itself, especially as it was inherent to the very walls and had no choice.

**M**ODERN painting, being mostly easel and easily moved, has no definite place to which to relate itself. Placelessness is very well for an absolute and gives a certain lyric intensity of independence to the existence of any painting, but it also makes the painting feel isolated from the life of the place it happens to be in for the moment, and awkward at a party. It is not often that a painting manages gracefully its true position, of houseguest. If Expressionist, it seems to make a scene or be far too confidential, and if pure abstraction it either fades into decoration or kills the party by its monumentality, as if an archbishop had come into the house on the wrong day.

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Landscape with Figures;  
courtesy Museo Nazionale, Naples.

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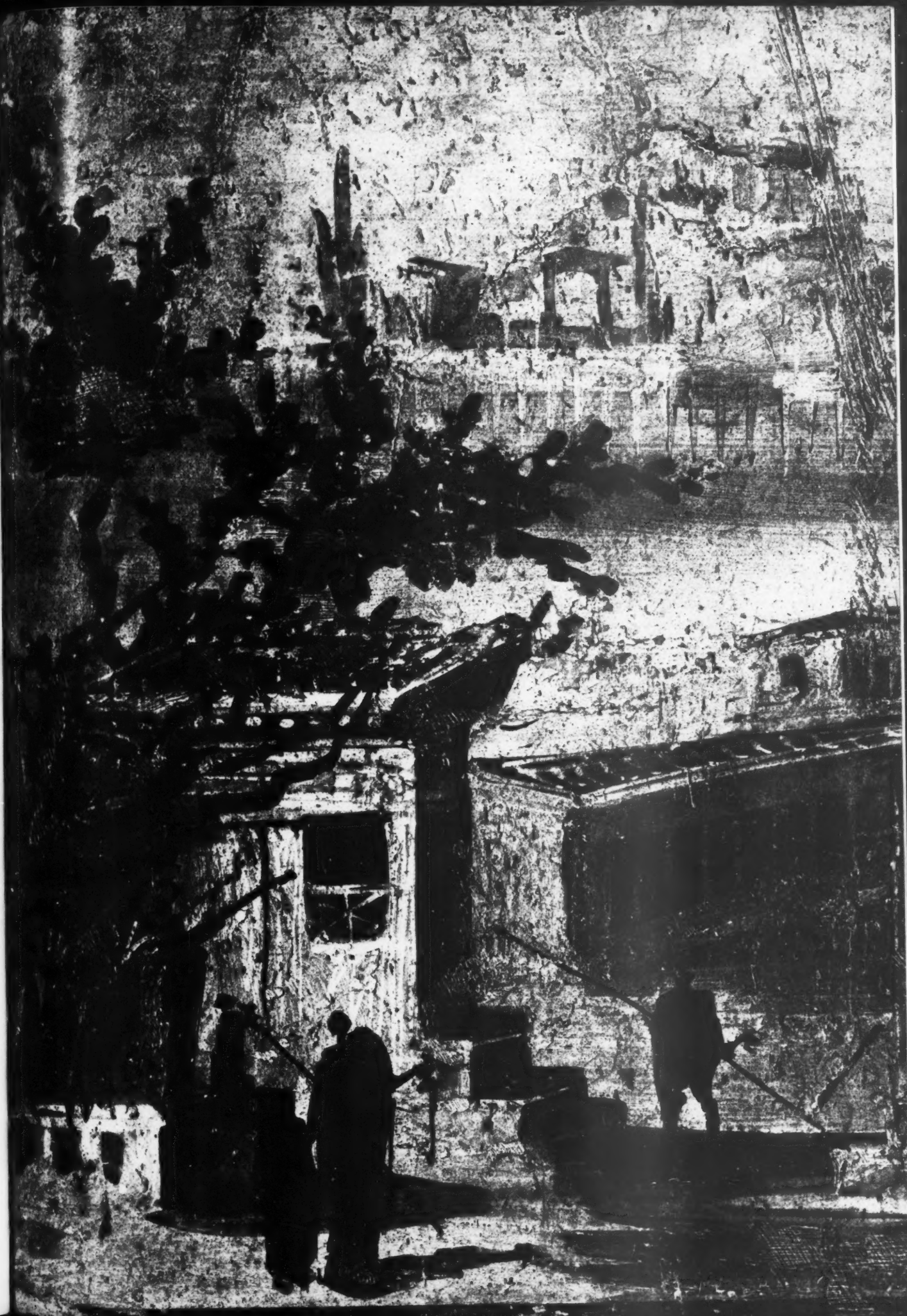
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June 1959





## The Future of Pompeian Painting

or what Maurice Grosser calls the "discipline of spontaneity"—these being improper at a mixed party which is neither formal nor a thorough brawl. The presence of Pompeian painting is ordinarily not the vehement obtrusion of the Baroque, not the firm sufficiency of the Classic, and it does not disappear like decoration, but is an availability—which can be called either a Romantic version of actuality or simply good party form. In this mode the painting offers plenty to look at (some of it aesthetic) if you care to look, but rarely insists you do.

**M**ODERN space is either ideal or material, that is, conceived as either a geometric field composed of points and distances, planes and volumes, or as made of paint. Even when the space contains movement or is a function of movement, the movement is usually of geometric elements like lines and planes or of paint, as in brush strokes. Much the same alternatives existed for Pompeian painting. Euclid had finally formulated classical or ideal or disembodied space in his geometry, but at about the same time Epicurus had formulated a space in which material atoms move. The atom, whose movement had been predetermined and regular before, was allowed a free and irregular movement by Epicurus, so one may say Epicurean space is not only material but turbulent. It was in accord with Hellenistic art and the military imagination of Alexander the Great. And, since the area around Naples was a hotbed of Epicureanism both technical and applied, it is Epicurean rather than Euclidean space which underlies Pompeian painting.

But there are several modes to such a space. It can be highly dramatic, so that Hellenistic art contains some quite startling premonitions of the Baroque. But in Pompeii, a resort town, the painting is given less to strenuousness than to leisure, less to tangibility and actionability than to visibility, and the objects in it are not so much solid or active as they are apparent, or apparitional.

The Romans of the Pompeian period had an acute sense of leisure, or rather of a restless alternation between leisure and serious business, though leisure seems to have been for them the primordial reality and business an intrusion upon it or a distraction from it. We are coming to much the same sense of things, but we enjoy it less, being much more overhung with our Puritanism than the Romans were with their Stoicism. The somewhat unsettled leisure of Pompeian painting does not exclude serious or even heroic business, but does dissolve the action and weight of it into apparition. That is one reason why the painting is so notably coloristic—color being nothing but visual, the most arrantly useless and luxurious phenomenon in space—theatrical (a leisure mode of the dramatic), and illusionist. Its illusions are not deceptions which look as real as reality, but visibilities patently playing at other realities. When this leisure, come Christian and Byzantine art, withdraws into itself and becomes a serious unworldliness, the illusions will harden and heighten from visible to visionary, and their contents will stand written on a flat page of eternity, not float as entertaining apparitions in temporal visibility.

The space of the painting is not, as in later illusionisms, a direct extension of the real space of the room, nor is it, even when framed, disconnected from the space of the room. It exists at the entrance of real space, as preliminary or liminal to it, in much the same mode of presence as the painting itself is available. The painting is thus, usually, not flat and flush with the wall of the room, nor does it recede so far as to establish an independent third dimension or full spatiality of its own. Figures in this rather indefinite liminal space give the effect of leaving or approaching the space of the room or of hovering around it, but rarely of being definitely in it, or in a pictorial space

reserved for them. The relation of the painted and real spaces is thus properly companionable, variable and fluent. They have the wall in common.

A classicist would call this a confusion improper to murals, since it does not respect the integrity of the wall. Though the Pompeian wall, even before it became a ruin, had little integrity, being an intricately composite and aerated form of ceramics and not ashlar stone, the paintings wish to make even such walls thinner, lighter, more open and permeable, if not to dissolve them entirely in a variable visibility. Sometimes they do stick in a Baroque paradox of solid and fluid, but often they pass to a Romantic interest in the more variable spatial potential of a wall, at a higher cost to its peremptory Being. A virtual program against solidity will likewise prevent all Pompeian figures from standing or sitting solidly and from having a firm grasp on anything. They hold things—even swords—with a leisurely looseness, and prefer to float or swim or dance or perch or loll, never to suggest fixity. Pure location belongs to geometric or Euclidean space, while in Epicurean space what cannot materially move must at least seem labile. The only perfectly grounded things in Pompeii were the whorehouse beds which, for professional reasons, were made of solid masonry.

**L**ATIN composition is based on a principle of assortment or variety, rather than on unity or even integration of parts. Assortment was prehistoric in Italy. It governed Etruscan painting before Pompeian painting, Etruscan politics and for a couple of centuries Roman politics, and caused the single original Roman literary form, the *satira*, which seems to have meant a mixed grill or potpourri, and in writing is usually a poem composed of a rich and rapid variety of topics in a conversational manner. Pompeian painting is a *satira* of the visual.

The profoundest reasons for assortment are no doubt not in metaphysical terms like Variability, but in anthropology, so I shall ignore them, except to say that animism died hard in Italy if it ever did, and phenomena persisted in a tendency to be full of little spirits, so that things were a mixed company even before they were painted. But anything Roman, whether poems or histories or buildings or mosaics or empires, will be made up of endless little bits fondly accumulated or grouped rather than precisely fitted to a grand scheme.

Thus the Pompeian wall became not a field but an assortment of fields, a collection of strips, panels, rectangles of various shapes, medallions, free spaces and odd apertures. And in these fields will come an assortment of subjects—heroic and genre, landscape and seascape and still life and fantasy or caprice. And these will be handled in an assortment of techniques, slick and rough, fine and broad, summary and inventorial, rapid and slow. There is a great deal of brushwork for the sake of the interest of brushwork, probably not as texture or a suggestion of the living painter but as activity proper to Epicurean space. There is even a variety of atomism in painting by spots or a *macchia*. The manner of mosaic and that of painting were all but interchangeable at the time, so much of the painting is made up of spots. But, unlike the tesserae of mosaic or the points of *pointillisme*, the spots vary widely in size and shape within a painting, so exhaustive is the sense of the variable or the horror of even an underlying uniformity.

Continuity or completeness of contour too is broken. The human figure is almost always interrupted by an odd swatch

*continued on page 69*

Pompeian Frescoes;  
courtesy Museo Nazionale, Naples.



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/June 1950



# What Happened to Geometry?

An inquiry into the origins and vicissitudes as well as the present condition of geometrical painting in America.

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

IN THE last decade geometric painting in the United States has been almost totally eclipsed by the ascendancy of Abstract Expressionism. While our "geometers" have continued to exhibit in the common market, their influence, like their participation, has at best been peripheral. Unlike the Abstract Expressionist style, geometric art has lost the center from which it could effectively assert itself, particularly in the sense of an institutional "family" which is an invaluable asset today if one's art is to be seen in the most important places. The mores of Expressionism, if not entirely dominated by the profit motive, are peculiarly appropriate to an art in which a complex but sentimental Bohemianism not only supports its market value, but authenticates its claims to creativity. The austerities of the more classically ordered geometric style are tragically complemented by the comparative isolation of its adherents. While many of the Expressionists live and work in the same vicinity in Greenwich Village, the geometric artists are geographically dispersed. After many years in an uptown apartment in New York, Fritz Glarner now lives in Huntington, Long Island, Burgoyne Diller has settled in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and Ilya Bolotowsky, who once taught in Wyoming, now lives and teaches in New Paltz, New York. Both Charmion von Wiegand and Alice Trumbull Mason are rather sequestered in New York apartments, while Josef Albers pontificates from New Haven, Connecticut. Nassos Daphnis has worked in isolation for years on West 23rd Street, and his show early this season was his first in ten years. (Mrs. Mason only recently had her first one-man show since 1948.) Even Barnett Newman, who has a New York studio and whose relation to the classical has curiously augmented his reputation, lives in Brooklyn. Myron Stout lives in Provincetown, and Ellsworth Kelly has lived a good deal in Paris. And now a group calling itself the Abstract Classicists has just been organized—in California!

Still, fragmented and isolated as the geometric movement is today, it is not entirely accurate to speak of a decline of geometric art in America because such painting never embodied itself in an autonomous style in the first place. Broadly speaking, the abstract painting that emerged—or, rather, re-emerged—in the United States during the thirties was "geometric" (when it was not Surrealist) insofar as it derived from Cubism. But a geometric art in the Neo-Plastic sense—by which it is measured here—barely got off the ground, even after the arrival of Mondrian in 1940; and it achieved currency only within the framework of nonrepresentational painting in general. With the exception of Burgoyne Diller, Harry Holtzman and later Fritz Glarner, geometry, Neo-Plastic and otherwise, was immediately adapted to individual exigencies; and there is generous room in which to question the assumption that there was a geometric art at all, particularly since Diller has exhibited only infrequently and Holtzman has, since the forties, confined much of his energy, publicly at least, to education and edi-

torializing. The artists who will be discussed here can be categorically assigned to geometricism only on the basis of a general discipline in which—in many instances—such subjective factors as light, tonal color and symbolic shape preclude geometric orthodoxy, which must here be defined as the determination of space by purely formal relationships geared to the right angle. To add to the virtual impossibility of clear definition, there are elements in the work of artists like Reinhardt, Newman, Giorgio Cavallon and Michael Loew which are both classic and romantic. Finally, there has emerged in the shadows of Expressionism a new "school" in which a shaped image is the dominant interest and which qualifies in this space largely on the basis of an economy that is hardly typical of the times, that is, by the limitation of artistic means. But these artists—Ellsworth Kelly, Leon Smith, Myron Stout—had their fling with more prescriptive geometry in earlier work.

THE fortunes of geometric art in the United States were inextricably woven into the fabric of a structural style which, in the 1930's, united many diverse temperaments in the struggle against realism. But temperament, it seems, was not only a hindrance, on occasion, to the general amity of the group involved; it militated against an expression in which, as Mondrian had already written in 1920, "it is above all the composition which must suppress the individual." From the outset the impersonal means of the geometric style carried with it the romantic infection of personal outrage which only Mondrian, with his peculiarly heightened awareness and capacity for dedication, was able to transcend.

In recent years there has been a flurry of official interest in geometric art which, if anything, indicates only a measure of exasperation with the anarchy of artistic values that has followed in the wake of postwar modern art. The first major monograph on Mondrian (Michel Seuphor's) to be published in America (by Abrams) appeared in 1956. The exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in 1957—"Mondrian's Early Years"—was the first museum retrospective of his work since 1945. Yale University had already given Josef Albers a retrospective in 1956, just as in 1958 it was to present a show of geometric work which included young Americans like Kelly, Teresaki, Bucher. In 1957 the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, Texas, presented "The Sphere of Mondrian" exhibition; and in that year the judges at the Corcoran Biennial significantly awarded second and third prizes to Glarner and Albers.

Fritz Glarner, *Toward a Complete Space-Determination of a Circle*. Top illustrative panel: first period, 1928-44. Bottom illustrative panel: second period, 1944-48.

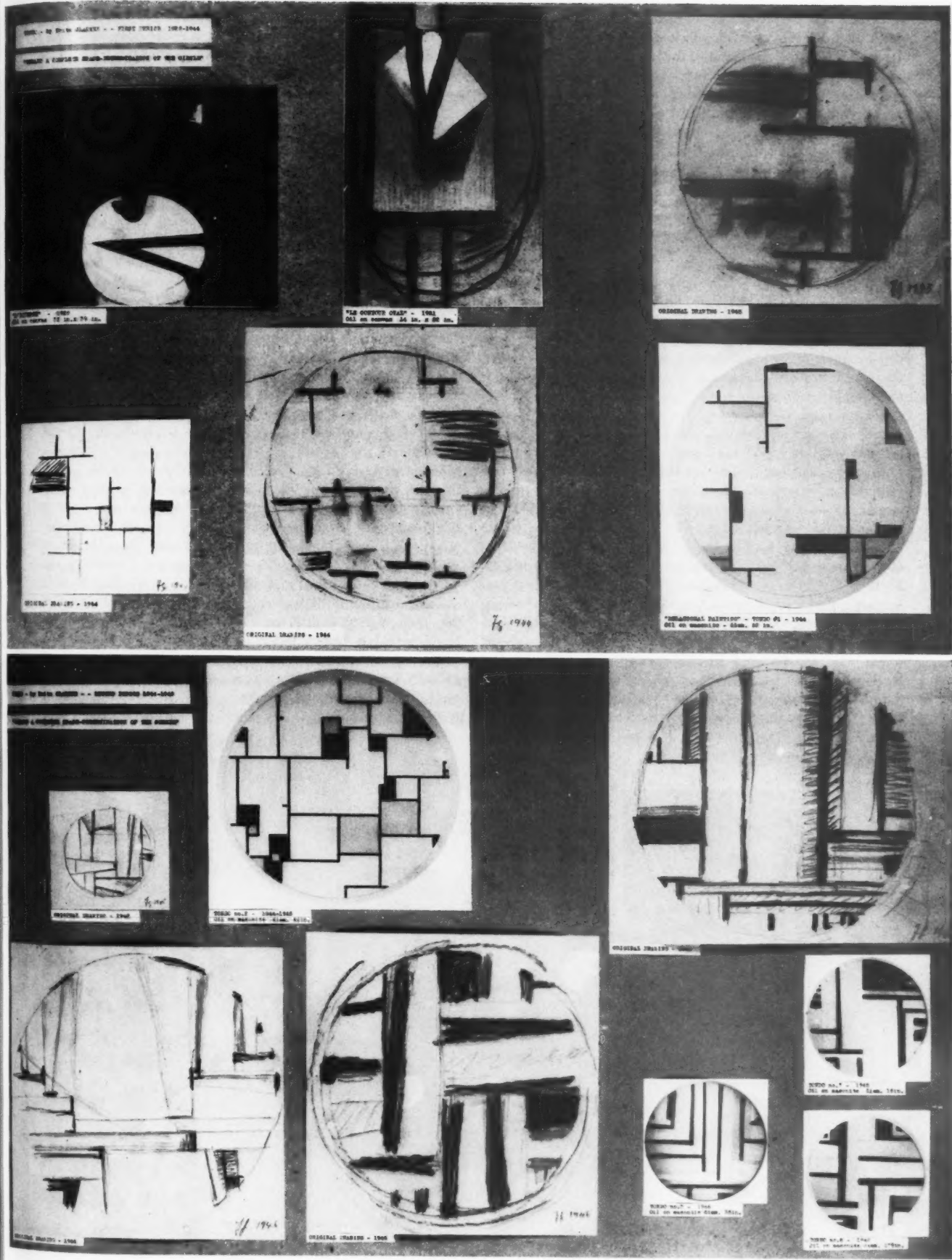
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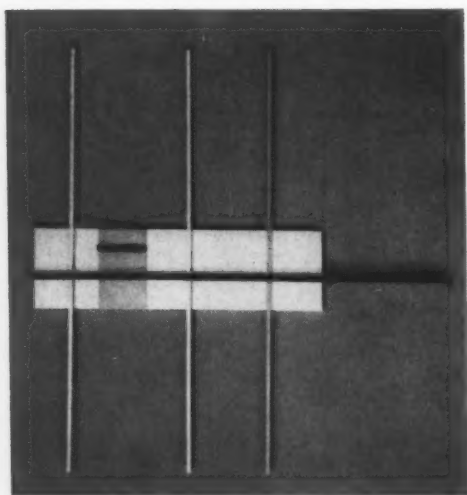
## What Happened to Geometry?

In this belated recognition the curators rewarded a commitment that in 1936 was of considerably more than aesthetic interest. That was the year the American Abstract Artists was organized to combat public and official apathy to abstract art—a drive which reached its apogee in 1940 when AAA members picketed the Museum of Modern Art for its antiquated policies. "What is this—a three-ring circus?" clamored a handbill designed by Ad Reinhardt. But while abstraction ostensibly represented a protest against American Scene painting and the Social Realism spawned by the depression, what is as likely is that abstract art was only one half of a struggle that has characterized American art in other contexts since the turn of the century. For abstract painting, like its representational adversary, was seeking the privileged status of representing aesthetically the brave new world of the American future which the social idealism of the thirties promised. And the "purer" the art, the heavier the social implications. Mondrian, who with Van Doesburg founded *De Stijl* in 1917 (although Bart van der Leek claims to be father of the Neo-Plastic movement), envisioned a society in which art would be unnecessary, for man would be living in a world of "realized art."

Something of an analogy can be drawn between the Russian nonobjective art of Malevich, Tatlin, Lissitsky and Gabo and geometric art in the United States, for both were idealistic expressions insisting on the "reality" of the abstract and the universal in art and life. With similar prophetic intensity, geometric art in America embodied the "futurist" dynamism of the new idealism. But it differed in the absence of direct political affiliation, seeking instead the aesthetic transformation of life, which was nothing less than a utopia of planned beauty. There was in fact a turning away from social and political solutions of the problems of the day which had absorbed the frustrated energy of so many intellectuals and artists. The position of the abstract artists was thus marked by a curious urgency which was only resolved when the artists (with figures like De Kooning and Gorky abstaining) fixed their attention on the metaphysics of nonrepresentational expression and in one fraternal paroxysm organized as the American Abstract Artists.

In the AAA the promotion of abstract art was put on a regular organized basis with annual exhibitions, exchange programs and traveling shows. The AAA was probably at its most affluent, however, in the early 1940's, when its membership was enriched by such *émigré* artists as Mondrian and Léger. Albers, who had arrived in 1933, and Glarner, who came in 1936, were already members, as were Werner Drewes, Moholy-Nagy and Paul Klee, all of whom served to emphasize the classic, non-objective interests of the organization.

**B**UT IF solidarity offered geometry a place in the sun of American abstraction, geometric abstraction failed to produce a native artist of major stature, with the possible exception of Diller. One reason for this seems to be that Americans adopted Purism in the spirit of a cause which left it in the position of being deserted by history. Many, in turn, deserted Purism. There were many near-geometric artists like Balcomb Greene, Esphyr Slobodkina, Byron Browne, Gertrude Greene, Carl Holty, A. E. Gallatin, not to mention the nonobjective work of Moholy-Nagy, Klee and Jean Xceron. But considering the fact that Mondrian was exhibited in the U.S. as early as 1926 by the Société Anonyme (founded in 1920 by Katherine Dreier with Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray), and at A. E. Gallatin's Museum of Living Art, which opened in New York University in 1927, as well as in the large "Cubism and Abstract Art" exhibition presented by the Museum of Modern Art in 1935, there were very few conversions to an art of pure space determination. Outside of Diller and Holtzman, the Americans straggled in late, after 1946 in most cases. Charmion von Wiegand, for instance, met Mondrian in 1941 and worked closely with him until his death, but it wasn't until 1949 that she attempted to expand on the "Boogie Woogie" theme of Mondrian's last works. Bolotowsky made his passage around 1947, and Mason moved into a color Suprematism around 1949-50. Leon Polk Smith was working geometrically in the early forties but did not find his way to Neo-Plasticism until 1951, and he abandoned it after 1955. Others, like Loew,

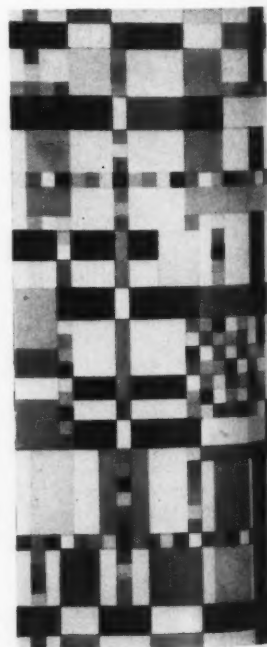


Burgoyne Diller,  
*Construction* (1952).

Fritz Glarner,  
*Relational Painting, Tondo No. 25* (1952);  
collection Mr. and Mrs. F. Fitzsimmons.



Charmion von Wiegand,  
*The Metropolis* (1956-57).



Cavallon, Miles and Daphnis, were very late arrivals and very much disguised. Some artists like Albert Swinden, whose studio became the first regular headquarters of the AAA, gradually ceased to participate, and one, A. S. Wilkinson, has—according to Holtzman—never been heard from again.

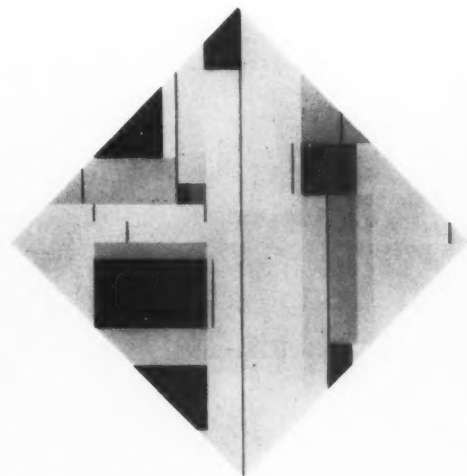
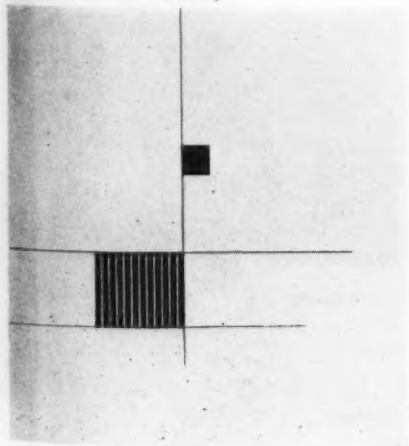
This may account for Burgoyne Diller's erratic record and Harry Holtzman's withdrawal. Diller, who is generally regarded as having first essayed geometric work in the manner of Van Doesburg and Mondrian, seems particularly to have suffered from the self-denial implicit in the style. Like many American artists who have pillaged modernist art for a personal style, Diller went through phases of Impressionism, Cubism and the Abstract Expressionism of Kandinsky before turning to Neo-Plasticism. Diller now claims that he was first interested in the Constructivists, but that it was Van Doesburg, whose work he had seen in reproduction in 1933, who drew him to De Stijl and Neo-Plasticism. Diller's canvases, over which he labored endlessly, remain even today the most orthodox transcription of Neo-Plasticism by any American painter. At the same time they have a distinctly personal aspect. By accepting the doctrine of asymmetrical space relationships in equilibrium and the use of primary color, Diller was free to seek variety in the Neo-Plastic experience. But time must have been his worst enemy and frustration a constant companion, for Diller's essential image—an elaboration of Mondrian's classical and "Boogie Woogie" themes—was one fraught with endless possibilities and too complex and demanding for so restless a temperament. Mondrian established limits by stilling all outward motion. His aversion to "particular movement, to curves, to trees in bloom" is well known. (In his Paris studio, according to Michel Seuphor, Mondrian kept a single artificial tulip whose equally artificial leaf he painted white.) Diller developed at a time when there was a great desire for equilibrium but also for change. Like many Americans, his development is a record of the major movements of the century for which Neo-Plasticism was less of a synthesis than a protest against indecision and disillusionment. Diller entered his geometric phase with constructions, about 1936, but a great many of his ideas are

invested in extremely sensitive sketches which have to be seen to be understood as the purest distillation of the ambitions of an entire generation. It was only this year that the Museum of Modern Art acquired—as gifts—examples of his work, a painting and a construction, both completed nearly twenty years ago. Diller's last exhibition was in 1951.

**Y**ET IT WAS the didactic nature of geometric art, bearing the purest quantum of idealism, which motivated the abstractionists of the day in their new art. There is more than just a coincidence in the fact that a geometric painter, Harry Holtzman (who hates the term), who had already visited Mondrian in Paris in 1934, played a catalytic role in the formation of the AAA by rounding up the works of a group of abstract painters for a projected exhibition which, though it failed to materialize, brought together the nucleus of the organization. It was another geometric painter, Burgoyne Diller, who directed the mural division of the Federal Art Project in New York City from 1935 to 1940, with Holtzman as his assistant in charge of abstract murals during 1936 and 1937. Furthermore, it was Holtzman who persuaded Mondrian to emigrate to the United States in 1940 and made all the necessary arrangements.

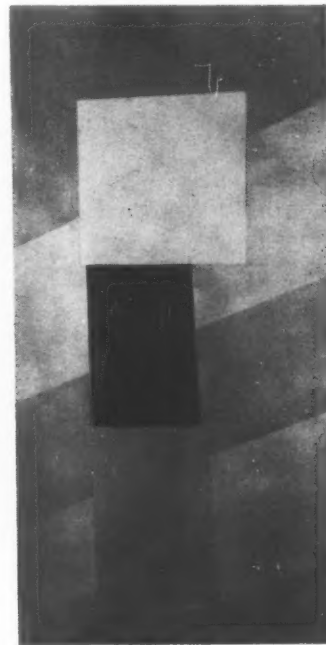
Holtzman discovered Mondrian in 1934, through Diller. Holtzman was then involved with an idea of composition that (Holtzman says) was dictated by the rectangle. Diller suggested that he take a look at the Mondrians in the Gallatin Collection at New York University. After Holtzman saw the work, he determined to visit Mondrian in Paris; he made the trip that year. He was then twenty-two, young even in the youthful fraternity that had taken up abstraction. The catalogue for the AAA exhibition of 1939 reproduces a work of obvious discipleship to the Dutch artist, and a drawing in the 1946 catalogue is marked by the same affinity. But today Holtzman is something of an enigmatic figure. He has never held a one-man show of his work; indeed, very few of his works have been seen at all or even reproduced. Yet Holtzman may be said to have played a managerial role in the development of geometric

Burgoyne Diller,  
*Composition* (1944-46);  
courtesy Rose Fried Gallery.



Ilya Bolotowsky,  
*Large Diamond* (1957).

Jeanne Miles,  
*Yellow Ascent* (1956);  
courtesy Betty Parsons Gallery.



## What Happened to Geometry?

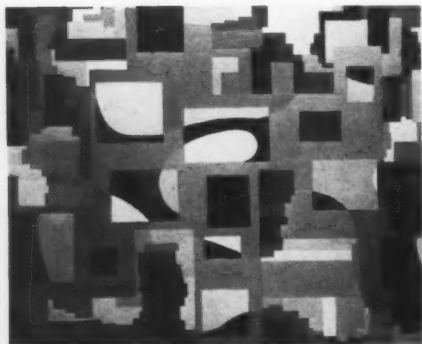
art in America. Besides his bringing Mondrian to America, besides his duties on the New York Mural Project plus his activity with the AAA, he has been active as an educator and was editor in 1950 of the ill-fated magazine *Transformation*, which affirmed "that art, science, technology are interacting components of the total human enterprise." In 1945 Holtzman objected to the AAA's trend toward exclusiveness and failure to take cognizance of new problems, and though he continued to pay his dues for a few years, he was finally expelled from the organization for the same reason that Diller was dropped—a failure (or refusal) to participate in meetings and exhibitions.

It has thus fallen to Fritz Glarner, who with Carl Holty resigned from the AAA in 1945 for reasons similar to Holtzman's, to nourish the diminished force of a purely plastic expression; and he has sustained himself on the strength of a heritage which includes nineteenth-century realism. Like Albers', his theoretical affinity is supported by a European intellectual tradition. In his "relational" paintings, however, Glarner has introduced "the oblique" and also paints pictures of a circular shape. "The circle," he said in a lecture in 1949, "is the strongest form symbol of oneness." Glarner explains his relational painting as a visual symbol of the ultimate interrelationship of the arts. Pictorially, he has sought to destroy the plane, which as a form symbol inhibited, he says, the pure determination of space. He paints in primaries, but each plane is divided on a diagonal by opposing colors. The design is threaded with a rhythmic pattern of tilted horizontals and verticals, and the result is sometimes a literal quality of recession, especially in the circular paintings—which is a representation of space rather than a pure determination of it by opposition.

Glarner first met Mondrian in Paris around 1928, but did not come under his influence until after Mondrian arrived in New York. By that time he had independently sought the dematerialization of particular forms, but he accepted Mondrian's solution, and his work has won for him an international reputation. In 1956 he was honored—with Josef Albers and Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart—with a large exhibition at the Kunsthhaus in Zurich.

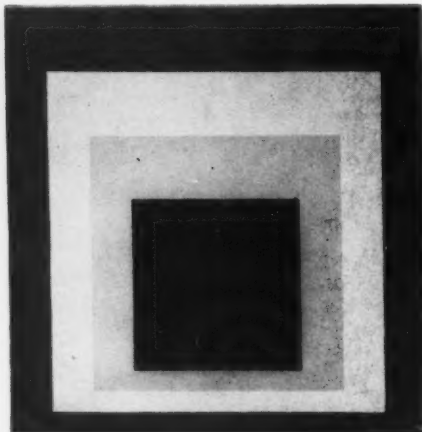
If Glarner achieved his identity with "impure" alterations, Ilya Bolotowsky has totally tranquilized the protest element behind the social implications of geometric art. Bolotowsky, a charter member of the AAA, also moved through a succession of styles before accepting the geometric grid which he has now painted on rectangles, diamonds, circles and ovals. But his utilization of sweet, tonal color represents something of a corruption of taste if only because it is a denial of the fundamental austerity of his means. The ladies have done significantly better in this area. Charmion von Wiegand, who worked closely with Mondrian in the preparation of a number of his essays, has created a naïve amalgam of Neo-Plastic ideas and an interest in symbolic color that reflects her absorption in Oriental philosophy. A similar color mysticism is present in the work of Jeanne Miles, who has studied Ouspensky. Her application of form is on the Suprematist order, but she is interested in motion and tension in space through color. She works with glazes and has achieved some striking compositions. Alice Trumbull Mason, another charter member of the AAA, is interested in color and light, and in recent years has reintroduced some of the biomorphic elements of her earlier work, which probably reflect the Surrealist infiltration that affected many abstract artists of the thirties and forties. Mrs. Mason began turning to abstraction in 1928.

**T**ONAL color represents the bridge between classicism and romanticism in American geometric art, assuaging the fevered asceticism of the structural process by informing the image with a more conventional idea of feeling. This is particularly true in different ways in the works of Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt and Barnett Newman. It would be naïve to insist on the primacy of the classic in these expressions in which light is precipitated by the relativity of chromatic values acting upon each other—which is Albers' orthodoxy. "I am interested," he wrote in 1952, "particularly in the psychic effect—esthetic experience—caused by the interaction of juxtaposed colors." But to be seen as form, light (or color) must be particularized



Josef Albers,  
*Expectant* (1958);  
courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

Alice Trumbull Mason,  
*Intermittent Construction* (1951).



Josef Albers,  
*Bent but Straight* (1949).



through construction and design. The point, as far as a totally abstract art is concerned, is that in an art of departicularized form, light acts like an object on the senses without imposing an appearance. It is rather an abstraction by fiat, and any construction less elementary or fundamental than geometry would interfere with the clear perception of its reality. But it is the design which liberates light—the square-within-square of Albers, the symmetrical patterning of Reinhardt, and Newman's great walls of color. Albers, now seventy-one, still carries into his experiments the didactic potency of the Bauhaus at which he studied and taught and which, like De Stijl, sought an integration of art and life through design. But if the vibrations of light are the vibrations of personality, as Albers is himself aware, his work is now accepted—after his twenty-six years in the United States—for its version of form rather than as a symbol of social and artistic integration.

The insularity of Ad Reinhardt's intensely close-valued compositions is in direct contrast to the garrulously sarcastic letters and cartoons with which he has heaped scorn on museums, critics and fellow artists down through the years. One has to pierce layers of darkness in his work to perceive a design which is disarmingly simple but which turns light into form by the very contradiction it offers to his canvases, which at first appear to be entirely black. Reinhardt has in a sense reversed the order of progress as expressed geometrically through organization and clarity. One must experience the dissolution of light before the construction becomes apparent. The victory, in other words, comes after everything has been lost. Reinhardt has retained his "revolutionary" status only with words; his vision is positively bellicose in its neutrality.

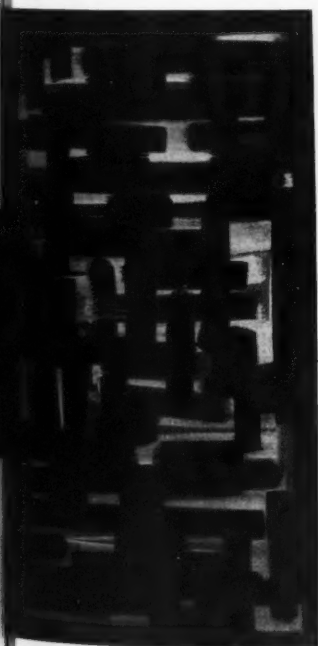
There is also a measure of belligerence in the size of Newman's works—which, at up to nearly eighteen feet, are only slightly larger than the last series of water lilies by Monet. And there is in his expanded color planes held down by vertical stripes, rigid or smeared, room to confuse sensation with perception. But Newman's prodigiousness is the Impressionistic sense of surface become a spatial equivalent; the large color masses, expanded obsessively, are nonetheless determined by

an effort to visualize space as a surface plane and space as ideality. Mondrian's façade period (1912-14) was related to materiality by a similar visual idea. "I still worked like an Impressionist," he was to say of that period. What is disturbing in Newman's concept is the lines which orchestrate the surface. They fail to come to grips with the implications of the tonalities of his color planes, partly because line and plane are concepts in the service of an order which is timeless, while color, particularly great sheets of it, speaks of the momentary and the fleeting—which was the *raison d'être* of Impressionism. Newman's exhibition this season ended a self-imposed "exile" of nine years. The promotion of this exhibition in the press and by critic Clement Greenberg is perhaps the best indication of the development of abstract art in America from a sense of community to the cult of personality.

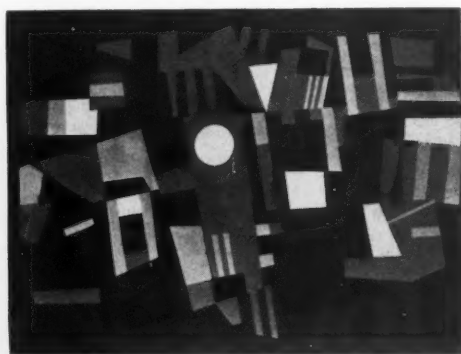
Color in the works of Georgio Cavallon and Michael Loew is frankly "descriptive." Both artists treat light in the sense of a subject, that is, with less ambiguity, and structure has gradually submitted to atmosphere. In the past few years both have moved into compositional idioms—clusters of color in Loew, drifting shapes of light in Cavallon—that can be interpreted as the inevitable relaxation of the doctrinaire prescriptions that gave rise to their styles years before. Loew seems to speak for both when he writes, "Because the geometric aspect of the rectangular structure can be both tyrannical and primordial, the problem of reducing the former quality and increasing the latter becomes a challenge—a challenge to the genuinely experiential."

Loew's statement touches on the whole revolution, evolution and devolution of geometric art in America; and the reference to the experiential realized in the idea of "loosening up" places it in the perspective of the challenge and significance of Abstract Expressionism.

IF TODAY the "geometric" is classic, it differs from the romantic only in technique, for at the root both share a common goal—art (classicism or romanticism) as its own subject, art as



Ad Reinhardt,  
*Painting* (1952).



Ad Reinhardt,  
*Red and Blue Abstraction* (1939-40);  
collection Abbot Kimball.



Ad Reinhardt,  
*No. 15* (1955);  
courtesy Betty Parsons Gallery.

## What Happened to Geometry?

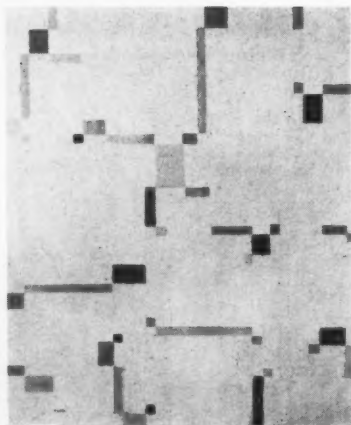
Myron Stout, *Untitled*  
(1955-56); collection  
Mrs. Richard D. Wyckoff.



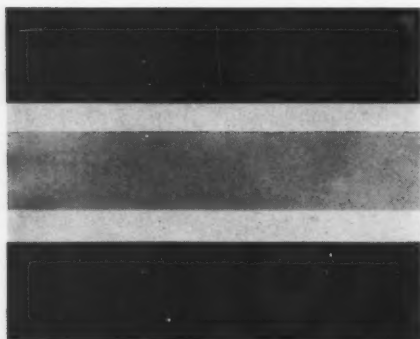
Leon Polk Smith,  
*Oklahoma* (1957).



Michael Loew, *Composition  
with Pale Yellow* (1951);  
courtesy Rose Fried Gallery.



Nassos Daphnis,  
*No. 22* (1958).



attitude. The geometry of such artists as Nassos Daphnis, Myron Stout, Ellsworth Kelly and Leon Polk Smith—who have made their mark only in the last few years—and the four artists who have grouped together in California as the Abstract Classicists, is less a continuation of a specific geometric tradition than a leap into an area of refinement in which the archaic sensibility of modern art is addressed with clearly definable shape and color. Certainly sensibility rather than space is the object of Daphnis' enormously banded canvases of pure color which he applies with a paint roller. In the positing of mass against mass or in unimpeded striations design has become an end in itself; the drama takes place in the retina, a pleasure principle whose formal justification is the integration of surface through color vibration. Just ten years ago Daphnis was a primitive. In the early 1950's he tarried over ideas related to Herbin, turned to graphic space dividers and then complex overlapping planes and grids which required so much time that he could produce very few pictures a year. He worked out a system of sketching to scale with colored tape, transferring the idea to a larger canvas and rolling in the areas. Daphnis' frustration was in effect a collision of the classic urge for order and the romantic urge for expression, a conflict which in varying degrees intensifies the work of Stout and Kelly. Stout produces his small works very slowly even now, but the single biomorphic shapes that constitute works recently acquired by the Museum of Modern Art and the Carnegie Institute (how times have changed!) show, in their retreat from angularity, a desire to allow impulse to inform the image. Stout is not underrated, but his work is still certainly too little known. He had his first show in New York at the Stable Gallery in 1954. Since 1955 he has been working in black and white, producing many charcoal drawings with a checkered geometric image that has been transformed to sensitively precise roundish shapes. His last show was comprised mostly of exceedingly handsome landscape drawings. Kelly, who at thirty-six is fourteen years younger than Stout, worked out much of his style in Paris between 1948 and 1954. He too moved from geometrical optics to extremely simplified shapes on large, flat grounds. Kelly's work is distinguished by an *expertise* and restraint that are overwhelmed by the scale which he seems to seek in reaction to the austerity of his ideas. A prolific talent, he shares the classicist's passion for control, yet his ends are at once aesthetic and voluptuous.

Leon Polk Smith exhibited circular paintings this season in which a single graphic shape or curved wedges of color predominated. He and Kelly have a similar idea. Smith accepts the modern dogma of surface unity, but the almost rococo inclination of a self-sufficient image sums up all the dexterity that manipulates the discipline. Economy and virtuosity serve each other—through an image at once graphic and elegant.

**R**ESPECTABILITY has long since claimed the abstract tradition, but it only emphasizes the irony of an historical reversal which casts the revolutionary in the role of a conservative. Thus, when the American Abstract Artists issued a collection of essays in 1957, the sculptor and critic Sidney Geist advised the nine original members of the AAA who had "stayed with the ship" through its then twenty-first year to jump (as he had) "into the water where the rest of us are." Idealism, however inverted, had already passed to a race of extremely self-concerned individuals who are themselves encumbered by the contradiction of radicalism by success. Thus the struggle between the artist and society—the *modus operandi* of the thirties—has become a struggle between the artists themselves.

# Man Ray in London

A nostalgic retrospective at the I. C. A.

emphasizes his painting, minimizes his "objects"—and gives a Dada complexion to his career.

BY ROBERT MELVILLE

THE Man Ray retrospective at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, which is coming to an end as I write, is primarily an exhibition of paintings and as such resembles the Man Ray retrospective held at the London Gallery in February of 1939. Several of the early paintings which were included in the London Gallery exhibition reappear at the I.C.A., but they are presented in a different atmosphere. Twenty years ago, the backward glance occurred "in the light of Surrealism," and the work done before 1924 miraculously acquired a proto-Surrealist look. Today the backward glance is nostalgic; it discovers, no less subjectively, a pure manifestation of the cooler and currently more acceptable spirit of Dada, and the work done after 1924 acquires the look of post-Dada-movement Dada.

The Exhibitions Committee of the I.C.A. entrusted the organization of the exhibition to Roland Penrose, whose work in this field is usually characterized by a superabundance of visual material and much patient research. (As a member of that committee, I visualized a close-packed display of photographs, film stills, rayograms, "little mag" covers, exhibition catalogues, manifestoes, objects, collages and paintings, arranged in chronological sequence.) Penrose was asked to undertake the task partly because he handles this kind of show better than anyone else in London and partly because, as a personal friend of Man Ray, he was in a position to claim his co-operation—and this was quite indispensable since a great deal of the material is still in his hands and a lot of unpublished information about New York and Paris Dada still, presumably, in his head. Nevertheless, the Committee's expectation of a well-documented survey of Man Ray's career was not fulfilled, and it seems evident that any didactic intentions Penrose may have had were frustrated by Man Ray himself.

IN THE first place, as already mentioned, it is primarily an exhibition of paintings. These cover a period of fifty years and they have been tastefully hung, with a nice amount of space between each exhibit. There are, to be sure, a few objects in corners, some rayograms on an inconspicuous screen and some photographs in a portfolio, but they do nothing to mitigate the general resemblance to a conventional art show of moderately aesthetic interest. Nor was this effect reduced by the obvious signs of ambitious painting in some Cubistic works painted in the period when he made at least one quietly impressive Dada gesture and in the group of "tactile" paintings made last year.

In the second place, the catalogue is probably the most uninformative document that has ever accompanied a retrospective in a gallery which takes itself seriously. It puts dates beside the titles and splits them into groups headed "New York," "Paris" and "California," but gives no other information whatsoever, not even a description of the rayogram technique. Instead, it prints two short prose pieces, devised by the artist, which are somewhat forced exercises in anti-information. One of them is an "autobiography." ("I escaped to New York and

having run through several fortunes as coal merchant, chairman of the chewing gum trust, modern architect and banjo player, I returned to my first love, painting, and have been faithful ever since.") The other is an adaptation of Erik Satie's charmingly ironic *What I Am*, and it opens with the words: "Everyone will tell you that I am not a painter. That is true. Since the beginning of my career, I was at once classed among the photometrographers." He goes right through Satie's piece and whenever he comes to the prefix "phono" alters it to "photo," but it's dangerous to take over another man's humor, and in this case the result is no longer a mock confession. Satie's joking was in no danger of being misunderstood because he was known first and foremost as a composer, and it's clear that all the comic name-calling refers to the composer. But Man Ray is a photographer as well as a painter, and the comic names refer all too neatly to the photographer. In effect, he is not laughing at not being taken for a painter; he is railing against being taken only for a photographer, and the secondhand Dada gesture turns into a rather pathetic human document.

By insisting on coming before us primarily as a painter, using



Man Ray.



## Man Ray in London

Dada only as a protective wrapping, he revealed an immoderate emotional attachment to his meager talent for painting. Yet it is precisely because he manages, in two or three pictures, to defy the evidence that he piles up against himself by exhibiting the others, that his emotional attachment to painting is a more interesting subject than his brilliant career as a photographer.

C. M. Butcher, reviewing the exhibition in *Art News and Review*, compares the paintings ("Man Ray lacks the two painterly essentials—manual skill and a sensitivity for paint as a medium") very unfavorably with the rayographs. ("It will readily be seen that the medium has unlimited potentiality for imaginative exploitation, while at the same time making completely irrelevant either of Man Ray's weaknesses.") But it seems to me that although the initial idea of making photographs without a camera is moderately Dada, the rayographs themselves do not suggest "unlimited potentiality." Their unconventional technique doesn't stop them from looking like conventionally artistic compositions; they look as sensitive as the paper they're printed on, and like the paintings done with the airbrush, in which he attempts to promote their shadowy transparencies to a more "serious" category, they are not much more than documents on his ambition to be a painter.

THE art critic of *The Times* set the pattern for most of the reviews by starting his notice with the correct but ominous observation that "Mr. Man Ray's has long been a name honored as a photographer," but departed from the pattern when he became acutely appreciative of two or three of the paintings, and since they are among those that I too admire I propose to quote him again at a suitable moment.

He did not refer to the marvelous little picture called *Man Ray 1914*, painted when the artist was twenty-four years old, but it doesn't reveal its content immediately and there is of course no help from the catalogue. I think I too would have passed it by if I hadn't known it previously. It's as secretive in its way as a very small Klee or Wols, and yet at the same time it is a monumental contribution to Cubism. I first saw it in the exhibition called "The Cubist Spirit in Its Time," which E. L. T. Mesens put on at the London Gallery in 1947, and he gave it this helpful catalogue note: "It is remarkable that this

picture which so clearly represents the Cubist, post-Cézannian tendency should have been painted in America, in comparative isolation. At the time, Man Ray was in contact with two other American artists, Joseph Stella and Stuart Davis, who had already been influenced by the Cubists, but he did not go to Paris until seven years later. He has avoided the usual Cubist iconography and with notable originality has employed his name and the date as a subject . . ."

Man Ray painted this picture as if he were copying letters and figures cut in a rock face and long exposed to the weather. This rock-face notion hands him the modeled facets and shallow space of Cubism on, so to speak, a plate. The dismembering of the letters gives him bold, simple forms which assume colossal proportions, but they only partly emerge from the shadow-filled gashes by which they are formed, and they acquire some of the mystery and magic of the great Analytical Cubist works. These pictorial effects are inextricably involved in what must have been for Man Ray the profoundly satisfying symbolic act of making his mark on Cubism. It springs from deeper and more involuntary motives than the Cubist works which followed, and is not so much an attempt to *practice* Cubism as an attempt to take possession of it. It has the finality of a convulsive act.

HE HAS painted nothing else to equal it; but the famous picture of a mouth in the sky which he painted twenty years later and which dominates the present exhibition is one of those rare works in which the banality of the pictorial idiom is so inseparable from the potency of the image that it is virtually invisible. It is an image of the longing for amorous adventure—one of the simplest and most effective ever devised—and although it is Surrealism at its most orthodox and derives in some measure from a lucky dip into Surrealism's large stinking tub of anatomical fragments, it owes its peculiar efficacy to the depiction of the mouth as two "whole" forms, as two "organic abstractions" pressed together like lovers. The response it elicited from the art critic of *The Times* is likely to be echoed as long as a woman's mouth can form a promise: "It seems," he wrote, "like a rendering of Paolo and Francesca halfway between science fiction and a cosmetics advertisement; the blend of mockery and romance is perfect."



*Observatory Time, The Lovers* (1934); collection Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Copple

There appear to be no paintings of any consequence between this picture and the group of pictures called "Shakespearean Equations," painted in the late forties. The best of these, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet*, are conceived as imaginary abstract sculptures and have the amusing look of being straight copies from the antique in some academic plaster-cast room of the distant future. The highly simplified abstract groups in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* arise from a complex tissue of seriocomic form memories. They bring to mind Moore's small *Three Points* and large *Three Standing Figures*, and reflect something of the artist's vision of a community of statuary, but at the same time they look like a group of mass-produced book ends waiting to be admitted to a conference of Ernst's bird *personnages*, and the title is a brilliantly witty device for making them rustle with a life to which they are totally unrelated.

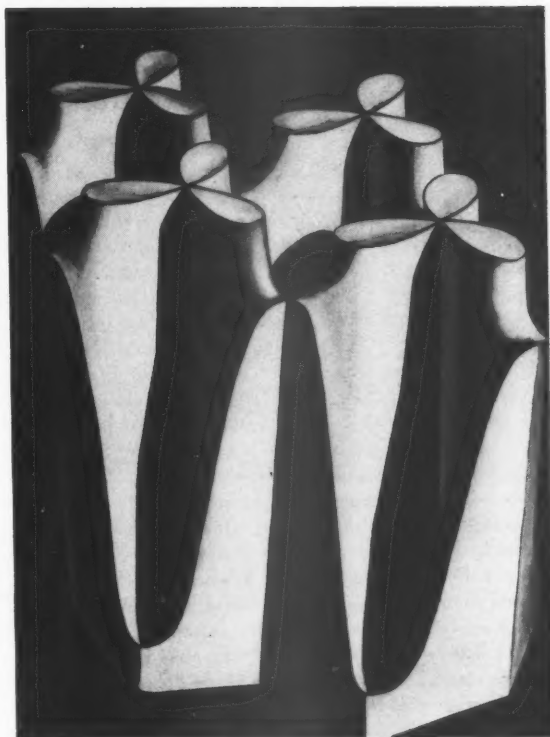
*Hamlet* looks like a cube of marble, shaped at one end and painted raspberry pink at the tip to identify it with the female breast. No doubt it refers to the "mother fixation" and if so it's a pretty obvious joke; but, like *The Merry Wives*, it is not dependent upon its title, and its isolation, as if it were the last sign on earth of the human race, lends it a curious enchantment.

OF THE recent paintings, only one seems to deserve comment. It is entitled *Skylight* and can perhaps best be described as a "literal abstraction." The bars of a skylight become abstract verticals, with a discreet artistic deviation brought about by the sealing of a crack in one of the panes of glass. Many small, neat, varicolored circles of paint are scattered over the canvas, presumably as substitutes for "taches," and one can see that the picture as a whole is supposed to produce the effect of blossoms waving outside a skylight. But the idea needs the support of good painting and doesn't get it, and as a joke against abstract impression it dismally misfires.

With one exception, the objects in the exhibition look tacky and dejected. The exception is an old-fashioned flatiron, standing on end, with a line of tacks glued to its face, which he first exhibited in Paris in 1921.

When Robert Motherwell asked Man Ray for material for *The Dada Painters and Poets*, Ray sent him a photograph of a reconstruction of the original object, but he was living in California at the time and presumably couldn't find an iron of the right type. He used an electric iron, and it reduced the object to a mere travesty of the original. One has only to compare it with an early photograph to realize that Man Ray must have "recognized" the old flatiron as a "presence," and that he barbed it not only to make a malevolent joke (he calls it *Gift*, by the way) but to preserve it as a "presence" by rendering it useless. In this connection, it is not inappropriate to recall something that Motherwell said about the bottle rack which Duchamp exhibited in 1914: "It is evident, thirty-five years later, that the bottle rack he chose has a more beautiful form than almost anything made, in 1914, as sculpture." Man Ray's object is not a pure ready-made: he has no share in Duchamp's "irony of indifference" and has never stopped tampering with things, but the *Gift* is nearer to Duchamp's aristocratic bottle rack than to the complicated symbolic objects which were later concocted by the Surrealists. The reconstruction in his retrospective is very close to the original, and it has the force of a primitive sculptural object.

The way in which his retrospective has been handled must have given many people the impression that the Exhibitions Committee of the I.C.A. is a group of aging avant-gardists, riddled with nostalgia, but I hope I've said enough to suggest that we could have done better by him if we had had a hand in it.



*The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1948).



*Gift* (1921).

# MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE "Recent Sculpture U.S.A." exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (May 13-August 16) is a joke on American sculpture. It has the look of an exhibition put together at the conference table, if not the cocktail table, and is utterly remote from the interests of either the studio or the museum. It has been installed by Mr. René d'Harnoncourt in his best ladies-fashion-shop manner (gold-colored bronze against crimson walls, etc.), which should long ago have earned the Museum of Modern Art an honorary membership in the Fifth Avenue Association. As a report on the present state of sculpture in this country, the show is ludicrous.

Consider for a moment the sculptors who are *not* included in this exhibition: Louise Nevelson, Day Schnabel, James Rosati, Ibram Lassaw, Theodore Roszak, Herbert Kallem, Albert Terris, Herbert Ferber, Sidney Geist, Raymond Rocklin, Fred Farr, Jeremy Anderson, Peter Grippe, David Hare and Isamu Noguchi—to name only the most obvious omissions. Of course, more than a few of these artists are "represented" by imitators in various states of empathetic bliss. (The "Nevelson" is the most flagrant example, but not an isolated one.) Nor can one fall back on the excuse—it would be lame enough in any case—that this exhibition is devoted to "new" or "younger" talent. On the very threshold of the installation we are confronted with Lipchitz and Calder, and on the terrace we find David Smith and Reuben Nakian, who are no doubt relieved to be sharing the air with Rodin and Maillol for a change and enjoying their distance from the motley assemblage indoors.

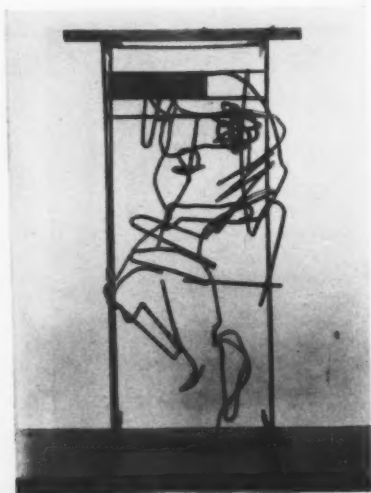
One has the unmistakable impression that this exhibition was put together in a state of confusion so profound as to be irretrievable—a confusion about contemporary sculpture itself. Mr. James Thrall Soby, who, with Miss Dorothy Miller, has selected the current show, writes in a brief introduction to the catalogue that "the extraordinary outburst of talent among British and American sculptors" is "one of the most unexpected" and "startling developments in art since the Second World War"—a

statement which would carry more force if (1) it were recognized that "postwar" sculpture began in this country in the thirties and already had a short history by the time the war was over, and if (2) there were a higher incidence of works worthy of that "extraordinary outburst" in the current exhibition.

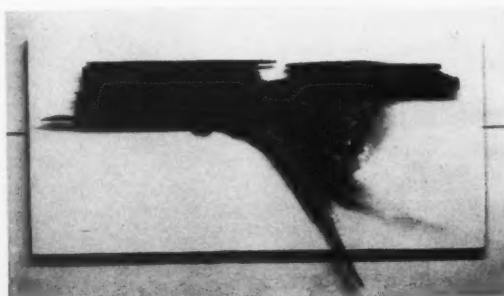
It was ten years ago that Mr. Clement Greenberg wrote a piece in *Partisan Review* on "The New Sculpture," and even then he was summing up the work of a decade and not precisely reporting on a new development. It is a curiosity of the criticism of sculpture in this country that we are always just "discovering" it, that it is always "surprising" us, that we are always looking at it as if it were the lost language of Atlantis which we have to decipher as best we can. With painting we follow developments, we provide it a place in the cultural landscape, we admit it into our experience and allow it to transform our feelings about both life and art itself. But we still look at each development in sculpture as if it came to us by virgin birth. All this prattle about the "surprise" of it is only a measure of the condescension and veiled indifference which are still the standard response to contemporary sculpture in high places.

ONLY the most sheltered sensibility could sustain an emotion of genuine surprise in the face of the current exhibition. For anyone acquainted with modern sculpture as a whole, and particularly with the developments of the last twenty years, the more likely response is apt to be one of unhappy recognition. What one sees here is the passage of modernist ideas into exhausted reiteration and cliché, and all too often without even the compensating mark of expressive necessity which alone can redeem the repetition of received ideas. I am not speaking now only of the obviously academic works in the show, but particularly of the constructed and open-form sculpture in welded metal and other contemporary materials.

Let me cite three examples. The first is Robert Mallary's *In Flight*, a wall construction of wood, paint, sand and polyester resin. Sooner or later someone had to transfer the "image" of Abstract Expressionist painting into sculpture, and Mr. Mallary has chosen to make himself the agent of inevitability. So we have a Franz Kline painting transferred to sculpture by way of Louise Nevelson. (At that, it's preferable to the "pure Nevelson" which hangs in the same room.) Mr. Mallary has brought it off perfectly, but it reminds me of nothing so much as the sweet



Larry Rivers, *Kabuki in a Rectangle*.

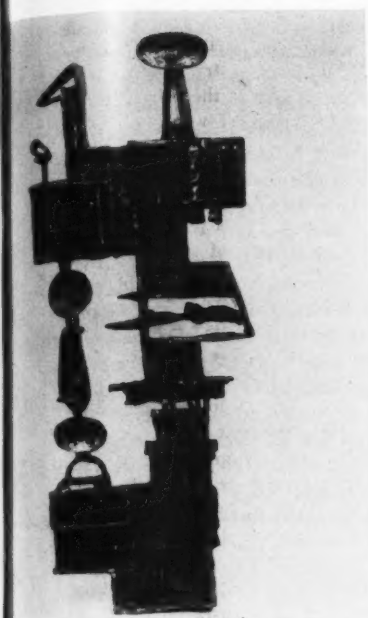


Robert Mallary, *In Flight*.

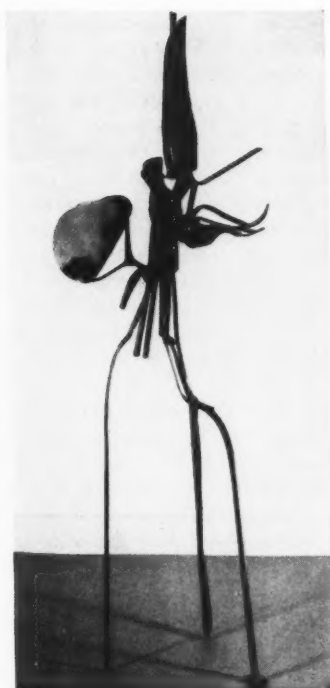


William P. Reimann, *Constellation*.

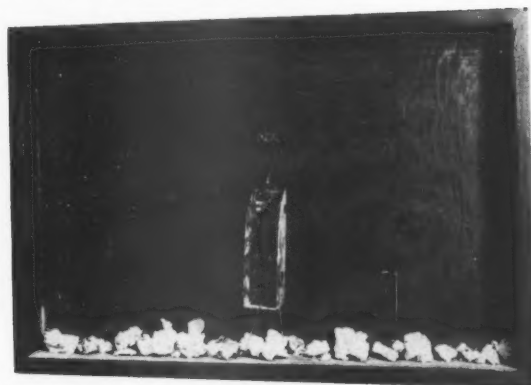




Philip Dehner, *Rites at Sal Safaeni No. 2.*



Jean Follett, *One Soul Walks Alone.*



Richard Hunt, *Medium Expansive Construction.*

old lady I once saw in the National Gallery meticulously copying a Winslow Homer water color—in oils! Then there is William P. Reimann's *Constellation*, in plexiglass and wood, a work which literally stands Gabo on top of Brancusi and lacks only a David Smith unit in order to be called "A History of Modern Sculpture." This is surely the purest instance of academicism in the exhibition. Finally, there is Larry Rivers' *Kabuki in a Rectangle*, a pathetic demonstration of everything that open-form welded sculpture is *not*. Mr. Rivers has neither the technique, the draftsmanship nor the syntactical understanding to work in this medium. His entries in the show—he is also represented by a more coherent welded *Head*, which reduces Gonzalez' dazzling idiom to a kind of "Sunday sculpturing" (to coin a phrase)—have scarcely even an art-school competence, and would surely not be included in any serious exhibition were Miss Miller and Mr. Soby not suffering from the delusion that Rivers is a major talent.

There are a few fine works of singular conception and execution in the exhibition—and I shall speak of them shortly—but by and large this epigonous, exhausted, cliché-ridden level of discourse is the norm. The impression one has of contemporary sculpture at large these days is one of extreme vigor and fecundity, of virtuosity abetted by a high sense of possibility and accomplishment—of forthright statement and uninhibited proliferation. Yet the impression conveyed by the "Recent Sculpture U.S.A." show is of an artistic means which is utterly domesticated and defeated. It is an impression of a dead end rather than of anything vital and growing.

**T**HIS exhibition\* was organized and sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art's Junior Council, which had previously organized exhibitions of "Recent Drawings U.S.A." in 1956 and of "Young

American Printmakers" in 1953. Over seven hundred entries (we are told) were submitted to the Junior Council from various parts of the country, and seventy-nine works by sixty-six artists were selected by Miss Miller and Mr. Soby. The preliminary selection was made on the basis of photographs, and the final selection was made from the actual works themselves.

Now as a method for organizing a major exhibition, this recourse to the mails might work well enough with drawings and prints, which are easily portable, but for the selection of a serious show of new sculpture it does not have much to recommend it. Aside from the fact that skillful photographers can now make even the dullest sculptural object look handsome and glamorous with proper lighting and a smart angle, there is the more important element of *scale*, which is absolutely crucial in judging the artistic success of any work of sculpture. For the most part, sculptors today are courageous in the scale they essay. They have imposed this scale against all the tasteful hesitations which have tried to confine sculpture to the living-room table or the fireplace mantle and thus keep it *out of our way*. Contemporary sculptors have made their art into something of an obstacle, which we have to confront and struggle with or else admit we are only interested in art for reasons of conversation and taste in the first place. Artistically, this battle for the rights of scale has been won, and sculpture as an imperative expression has re-established itself at the artistic center because of it.

The "Recent Sculpture U.S.A." show gives a very confusing account of this relation between scale and achievement. There are some sizable works in the show—and happily, if not too surprisingly, they are among the finest things shown—but taken together in an assemblage such as this, they can scarcely begin to assert the logic of scale in the clearest and most expressive way. The assertion of scale as a general aesthetic principle now very much in force is lost here. Thus, when we do confront a particular sculpture in which scale is the crowning touch of its realization—I am thinking especially of works such as Gabriel Kohn's *Object of the Sea* and Richard Hunt's *Medium Expan-*

\* The exhibition will travel to the following museums: Denver Museum, October 12-November 22; Los Angeles County Museum, February 22-April 3, 1960; City Art Museum, St. Louis, May 3-June 12, 1960; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, September 14-October 16, 1960.

## MONTH IN REVIEW

sive Construction—we are indeed “surprised” in an altogether misleading way. It is in such “surprises” that we are made to feel the basic confusion which has presided over this exhibition as a whole.

It is in this matter of scale, above all, that the omission of certain sculptors from this exhibition makes its negative impact. For the imperative relationship which obtains in their work between scale and idea is more often parodied in this exhibition than represented at first hand. Almost the entire middle generation of American sculptors, those who have done most to establish this relationship between scale and idea in sculpture as a new aesthetic norm in our time, has been overlooked.

To a certain extent, I suppose, this confusion about scale was dictated by the fact that these sculptures were to be for sale, and it is obviously easier to sell a smaller work than a larger one.\* Yet I cannot help but think that it is also traceable in large part to the practice of making selections, even preliminary ones, on the basis of photographs, and on the more general attitude which this practice reflects: an unwillingness to face up to a serious exposition of recent American sculpture at its best, and a reluctance to come to terms with a movement which may turn out to be of far greater significance than the dubious interests on which the Museum itself has exercised so much attention in the past decade.

**O**F THE works in which one could take a serious interest, I thought the best were: John Chamberlain's *Rochester*, Dorothy Dehner's *Rites at Sal Safaeni No. 2*, Jean Follett's *Many-Headed Creature No. 7* and *One Soul Walks Alone*, Richard Hunt's *Medium Expansive Construction*, Gabriel Kohn's *Object of the Sea*, David Smith's *Fifteen Planes*, George Spaventa's *Tenth Street Allegory* and Richard Stankiewicz's *Bird Lover in the Grass* and *The Golden Bird Is Often Sad*.

With a couple of exceptions, these are artists very well known in New York. While it scarcely required a special exhibition to show them off as towering over their less well known contemporaries, it was all the same a great pleasure to see work of this quality and stature in an exhibition otherwise so tame and dull.

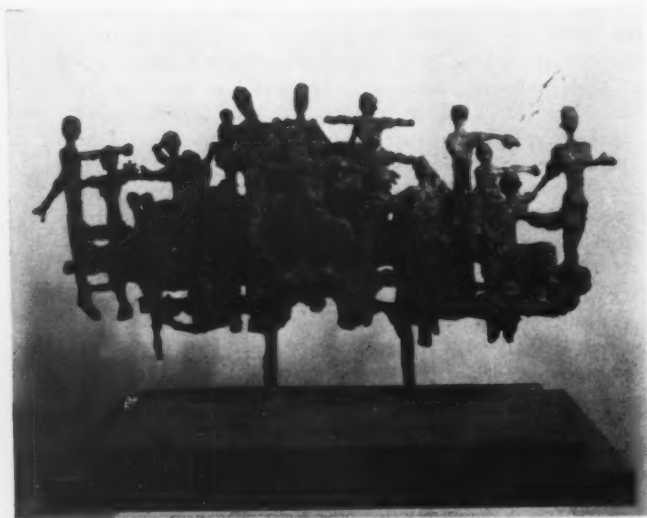
\* Twenty-eight of the seventy-nine works in the show were sold on the opening night.

Mr. Chamberlain's *Rochester* held up very well even in the company of those sculptors from whom he has learned his method. But then, his work stands a little apart from most of the American-type welded sculpture and adheres rather more closely to a European style like César's. Miss Dehner's *Rites* is a smaller, more personal statement. I found it lost some of its mystery in being removed from the context of her exhibition earlier this season at the Willard Gallery. That exhibition was an extremely engaging event, and one can see now that the objects in it were each enhanced by the “world” which they had joined together to create. Removed from that world, where the small detail, the personal symbol, the understated mystery, counted for so much, the single work seems to lose some of its power, as if it were suddenly speechless on this more public occasion. It may be that the poetry of this sculpture requires a more intimate atmosphere for its communication.

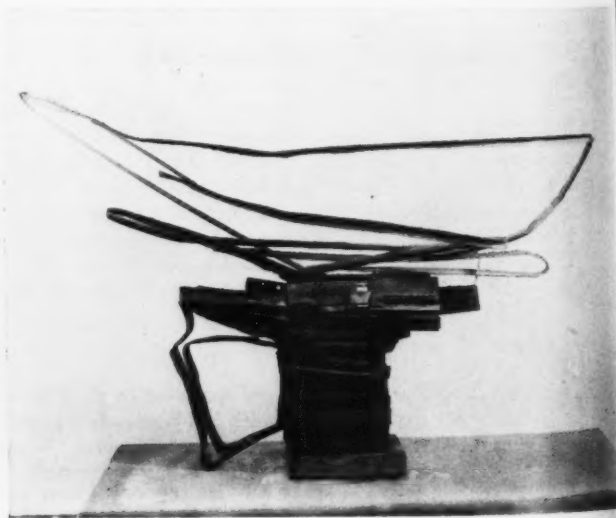
The same can hardly be said for Mr. Kohn's *Object of the Sea*. This piece, in itself a work of considerable power and force—a force which is at once physical and plastic—is the most sensibly installed work in this exhibition. It fills and utterly transforms the large space it occupies, and thereby fulfills its own image in the most expressive terms. I found myself returning to this work again and again as a main focus of the exhibition.

I have already written about Mr. Stankiewicz's work on an earlier occasion (see “Month in Review” for January), and will only remark that his two contributions to the exhibition are excellent examples of his *oeuvre*. Richard Hunt's tall welded construction is an amazing confirmation not only of this young artist's considerable talents but of the fully established American tradition of welded sculpture in which it assumes a position of authority with such ease and grace. Jean Follett's two works assert themselves rather more as images than as plastic arrangements. One should not make the mistake of viewing this highly original artist's work as another instance of stylish design, for to do so is to miss the depth of its poetry and the anguish which is its mark of power.

All in all, one looks for more work on this level as one goes through this exhibition over and over again, but the search is not rewarded. Once again a brilliant opportunity has been missed, and sculpture retains its “surprising” place in our official art undisturbed.



George Spaventa, *Tenth Street Allegory*.



John Chamberlain, *Rochester*.

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Gabriel Kohn, *Object of the Sea*.



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**Margaret Breuning:**

The Salem retrospective . . . American landscapes . . . Buffet's New York . . . sculpture by Henry Miller . . . drawings at the National Arts Club . . .

**V**IEWING the retrospective exhibition of the late Atilio Salem's oils, water colors and drawings is like stepping into another world; it might well be an awesome experience were it not for the brilliance of its pure colors. Their cryptic symbolisms invade the empyrean, measure the immeasurable *From Nadir to Zenith*, explore the mystery of dreams. The vividness of the paintings is not achieved by movement, for the amorphous figures of these cabalistic chessboards keep a gelid rigidity, but their subtle relationships convey an inner significance. Many of the themes possess an immediacy of appeal—the cruelty of bigotry in *The Inquisition*; the futility of rituals in *High Priests of the Ancients*; the hopeless isolation in an eerie world of *Alone*; the final expiation of past sins by the terrified figure between two implacable judges in *The End of the Game*. There are also blithe subjects, such as *Pastures of Delight*, *Three Little Joys*, the amusing *Adam and Eve*, in which Eve is shown as the more powerful figure. If one may be allowed a personal choice, it would be *Echo of a Dream*, showing related intangibles on a subtly modulated area of blue and gray with a plangent bar of blue behind them; it emanates a mysterious depth of emotion. (Whitney Museum, Apr. 15–May 30.)

**A**N EXHIBITION of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscape paintings at the Kraushaar Galleries makes a distinctive showing, for however many divergences there are in point of view and technique among these artists, one quality is constant: good painting. One of John Sloan's late canvases shows how completely he had left behind his earlier illustrative style in this co-ordination of light and color patterns and plastic forms. It shows a man standing beneath a shadowed cloud above a rocky, close-valued slope—the fine achievement of a pictorial idea. Trees in Russell Cowles' landscape become flat

planes of color against the sunlight that irradiates them. Carl Morris' *Mountain Turbulence*, its acute, jutting white of mountain peaks rising from a disordered jumble of rocks, is a painting not so much conditioned by the artist's circumambient world as by his consciousness of the relation of natural forms to man's emotions and life. A vertical canvas by Karl Schrag is activated by deep-thrusting forms that impart a latent sense of movement throughout the scene. Andrée Ruellan's motif of a woodland bridge holds its complexity of detail in organic entity through its patterns of light and shade. An idyllic scene by Maurice Prendergast possesses a gemlike quality in its fusion of light and color, reflected and refracted by the pool, around which his gaily hued abstractions of figures are placed. A landscape by William Glackens displays a striking combination of vigor and refinement in handling, showing heavy pine trees leaning over a stream in bold oppositions and resolutions of curves, as well as contrasts of resonant color. John Heliker's canvas is an imaginative translation of a landscape motif into pictorial design, its slashes of white cloudlike forms cutting vertically into an impalpable substance of a dream. (Kraushaar, May 16–June 19.)

**H**ENRY MILLER's exhibition of sculpture includes a large number of small bronze figures, delicately modeled attenuated forms that possess a formal eloquence of bodily gesture. In their coherence of structure and nicety of scale they do not suggest merely decorative arabesques, but forms endowed with vitality. In the group pieces the careful articulation of the interjacent figures is accentuated in the rhythmic designs by the effective patterning of the open spaces—in fact these surrounding spaces form an important contribution to the totality of impression. There are also some large pieces, realistic animal forms, carried out with the same surety of modeling in their plastic rhythms and adjustment of masses. They also display the artist's thorough knowledge of animal gesture, notably in the large plaster relief of rearing horses, or in the stolid, concentrated power of the *Hippo*. (Kraushaar, Apr. 20–May 9.)

**B**ERNARD BUFFET is holding an exhibition of paintings of New York that present a rather depressing vision of our city as an assembly of an upended congeries of congested buildings, constructed apparently with a child's box of blocks. This artist's



Maurice Prendergast, *Summer Day—The Lighthouse*; at Kraushaar Galleries.

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avored palette of morbid brown prevails over most of the canvases—not the usual mat brown, but a highly polished surface that adds to the incongruity of the representation. *Subway* does not exaggerate the dreariness of the subject, but *Rockefeller Center*, with its neatly ruled conformation and cluttered spaces, does not present a familiar appearance. *Fifth Avenue* may possibly be a prophetic warning of its eventual destiny, when the present fashion of altitudinous buildings completely hems it in. (Findlay, May 5-30.)

AN EXHIBITION of drawings at the National Arts Club spreads out a vast array of papers by American, British, Italian and French artists, in a wide range of media, and in an equally wide range of artistic idiom. Some of the papers record personal adventures in aesthetic experience, others record realistic themes, portraiture or landscapes, while many are studies for later work. Among the English drawings, a nude by Jacob Epstein, a fluent and sensuous form, is widely disparate from his sculptural designs. A standing figure by Henry Moore indicates his intense study of form, but similarly does not suggest the character of his sculpture. An adroit generalization of forms in acute linear pattern, Robert Coloquhoun's *The Tailors* conveys the essentials of the subject strikingly. *Artichokes*, by Edward Middleditch, is a handsome arrangement of line and texture, and Michael Ayreton's study for a sculpture is an admirable sequence of plastic forms. The American section is too large for detailed comment, but its average of accomplishment is high. A nude by Earl Kerkam, in heavy, black contours set against a pink background, is a vital figure, yet with little indication of bodily detail. Gene Klaus's *Indian Figures* emerge from rhythmic swirls of draperies; an amusing procession of wart hogs by Noel Davis is skillfully presented; Joseph Hirsch's *The Room*, a realistic group of figures, is subtly adumbrated with sinister suggestion; Carlyle Brown's *Still Life* presents an admirable arrangement of shapes and forms in delicate modulations of tones. Other names that should be included for outstanding papers are: Jacob Lawrence, Leon Kroll, Henriette Wyeth, Morris Graves, Harold Altman, Ben Shahn, Al Blaustein, the French artist Leonid, the Italian Renato Guttuso. Such a large and varied assemblage in this exhibition is a tribute to its sponsors as well as to the gifts of the artists represented. (National Arts Club, May 3-17.)



Henry Moore, *Nude*; at National Arts Club.

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Willem de Kooning, *Merrick Parkway*; at Janis Gallery.

## IN THE GALLERIES

**Willem de Kooning:** De Kooning once said that of all art movements he liked Cubism most, and his affinity with Cubist structure has been widely noted. It is especially illuminating to observe the twenty-one paintings in his new show (his first exhibition since 1955) in the light of his own remark, for it exposes the point upon which his entire achievement has pivoted and which is now reasserted with such obviousness that it is simply not evident at first glance. Despite, or because of, his increasing discomfort with the structural matrix of his style, a discomfort which has been increasingly apparent since 1955 (e.g., in *Gotham News*), De Kooning has reduced his pictorial means. Proceeding on a principle similar to Mondrian's, he has produced a space roughly squared off by planes in simple opposition. There is enough "conventional" De Kooning here to reassure his uncritical admirers (including the collectors who bought out ninety per cent of the exhibition on opening day), but there is an unusual amount of confused De Kooning, torn

between his gift for expression and the "logic" of Cubist structure. In the few works where he has achieved a precarious balance, we have the most "geometric" De Kooning to date, camouflaged by the physical wallop of paint application, but nevertheless an art which is in one respect becalmed. Given the need to be expressively himself, De Kooning must feel on occasion that his will is being paralyzed, and his vigor is partly perhaps a response to anxiety.

It is the least obtrusive painting in the exhibition that carries the plainest indication of this development. *Greece on Eighth Avenue* discloses three planes of action on a geometric axis, dividing the surface into roughly rectangular areas which have been staked out underneath by a partially obscured white grid. The furious brushing streaks in places more than halfway across the surface. Here the parts of surface out of which his *Women* were born in the early fifties (in reaction to incipient formal purity?) are restored to their natural habitat in a relatively "pure" state—a bril-

liant coda to the structural incidence of his style.

This resurgent geometry is accompanied by an equivalent reduction of color, not to primaries certainly, but to something of a variation—powdery blues, yellows, pink-browns and greens. There is some surprising resemblance to the later Klines which failed for want of the rationale that seems to be dividing De Kooning, a rationale which makes it feasible to compare a number of these paintings with the paintings about paintings by Hans Hofmann. But Hofmann doesn't resist the logic of the plane.

Irony in view of this thesis is how pretty the successful works—no more than four or five—actually are. *Merrick Parkway* is at once opulent and benign. A singular splash of bluish white down the picture plane was an instinctive adjustment to the passive design beneath, where the masses also embody De Kooning's characteristic motility. *Ruth's Zowie* and *Wall Landscape* are similarly energetic pastorals. The others are in various stages of his conflict between a Cubist



logos and Romantic freedom, a conflict that seems to explain another remark he made in 1951. "Art," he said, "never seems to make me pure." (Janis, May 4-30.)—S.T.

**Master Drawings from Five Centuries:** A wide range of styles and schools dating from the sixteenth through the twentieth centuries—the latter represented only by E. L. Kirchner, Chr. Rohlfe, Maximilien Luce and Rodin—and a variety of media—pen and wash, pencil on parchment, charcoal, crayon, water color, sepia ink—provide contrast without seeming too disparate. The choice of masters is necessarily a bit arbitrary, and great names appear beside obscure ones. The drawings are tastefully presented, and can be viewed as comments on a particular painter's development—for example, the early Fragonard, timid in definition and static in concept—or for footnotes on art tradition itself, or of course for sheer pleasure. Luca Giordano's *The Bethlehem Massacre*, two architectural drawings by the Bibienas, Ubaldo Gandolfi's *Triumph of Poseidon* are good examples of their period. Jean Baptiste Millet's monumental *Haystacks* is impressive, as is a horseback rider by Gainsborough. The Dutch school is represented by Willem van de Velde the Younger, with a wash and pencil of *Ships in a Harbor*. Kirchner's café scenes and three water colors of nudes by Rodin are the best of the most recent selections. (Este, May 1-June 6.)—H.D.M.

**Braque:** Dating from the early fifties, this small selection of mostly color etchings and lithographs portrays the artist in an attitude of serenity, enjoying the parsimoniously elegant images distilled from a lifetime of creative endeavor. The lithographs in six and eight colors, rephrasing his familiar chariot themes, display a technical agility that attests to unflinching enthusiasm, while such decorative plates as *Oiseau de Forêts*, a bird set in a black oval over green, is sumptuously free in design—as is the etching *L'Oiseau de Feu*, a white bird in a black oval planted like a seal over an orange "x." The civilized sensibility of this graphic work is a pleasure to behold. (F.A.R., May 11-25.)—S.T.

**Treasures of Pre-Columbian America:** This very important collection, tastefully and elaborately exhibited, is dominated by a magnificent gold Chinu mask from Peru, dated A. D. 1000, a mask of a king, which still has some of the original pink paint adhering to the surface. Other mummy masks from Peru in wood and gold are also shown. From Mexico, a small jade figure of a crouching woman represents the Olmec civilization; small clay figurines from Tlatilco tombs (1500 B. C.) are realistic, rather ugly, dancing figures. The Chupicuaro figures of the same period have a Chinese quality of formality and repose. A quite abstract Guerrero mask from 2000 B. C. is the most "contemporary"-looking piece; also in this gratuitous but inevitable category are a standing figure and a crouching woman which recall Brancusi. Mayan culture is represented by a painted-clay *Seated Woman* and a ceremonial bowl of clay encircled with a carved band and painted to simulate wood. Some funerary masks in black stone from the Tloutihuacan culture are very expressive, and also have the serenity we associate with Chinese art. The collection is vast, and there are treasures for amateur and specialist, artist and anthropologist, collector and curiosity-seeker. (D'Arcy, May 18-June 20.)—H.D.M.

**Elbert Weinberg:** This young sculptor has an impressive record of honors and awards, grants and commissions, the latest of which is the selection of his large work, *The Procession*, for the sculpture garden of the Jewish Museum. The works in this exhibition, which include *The Procession*, are eclectic in style—Brancusi, Moore, Marini are the most obvious influences—and mas-

terly in technique and craftsmanship. This is the common plight of young artists of talent who have not yet developed a personal idiom, and Weinberg has found a satisfactory solution in the choice of a uniform subject matter. Most of his work illustrates Old Testament subjects, treated as heroic themes. *Floral Bride*, *Veiled Bride* and *Kneeling Bride* are developed in bulky, harmonious forms, and call to mind French Romanesque Madonnas. A lion of his is a brother to Carpaccio's lions in Venice. *The Procession*, which depicts the carrying of the Torah scrolls and the Menorah, captures the exterior pageantry and solemnity of sacred ritual, but does not convince us, like a chapter of Exodus, of the immanence of the fearful Jehovah. (Borgenicht, Apr. 21-May 16.)—H.D.M.

**Reuben Tam:** Sunlight has pierced the gloom and grayness of Tam's landscapes. It filters rather than pours down the sky, and if its reflections seem a bit on the bleak side, it is because increased recognition emphasizes the vastness of sky and ocean. Tam continues to "float" his pictures into being, moving up areas of pigment and flashing bits of line toward the horizon. The grayish studies use line to configure and divide the surface into form and depth, but in the color studies line is shredded, indicating movement, as the center of interest becomes more dispersed. Light brings with it new formal problems. The foreground falling off into a frontal plane best served the abstract considerations of his mistier works, but it seems more of a device when illuminated. Structure is on the Cubist order in *Scree*, and the foreground is inferentially determined by the converging lines, whereas the assemblage of drifted color planes in *Days toward Equinox* creates only vacancy in the foreground. Interestingly enough, the light, or rather the sense of it, seems more local than the color, and perhaps it is the awareness of the symbolic apparatus that detracts—albeit rather mildly—from the painterly weight of his more carefree development. (Alan, Apr. 20-May 9.)—S.T.

**Isamu Noguchi:** Apparently one of the most sought-after sculptors in the world today, Noguchi has virtually commuted between his native America, Japan and the Continent during the past few years. One reason for his success is that he is an artist of exquisite taste. His accessibility is partly a matter of the tacility of the profound polish he brings to stone, especially to Greek marble, which he favors to the virtual exclusion of everything else. There are metal castings from Japan and several roughhewn granite works, but Noguchi deposits his affinity—which he acknowledges—to Ancient Greece, Japan and Brancusi, in the medium which best enables him to contrive a synthesis of Classic and Archaic modes. This corresponds very well to the drift of Western taste to the Orient and the commingling of arts and crafts which Noguchi does better than anyone else that comes to mind. Stylistically, he is given to organic forms extruded as if they had grown before his eyes. A stalk of marble breaking out into sensual buds becomes a bird. *The Woman with Child* drives a cylindrical form through a block which girdles it about the middle and supports a fresh leaflike shoot of stone. A hole bored through a thick lozenge of marble becomes a *Square Bird*. But in as many instances the smack of craft asserts itself and what we have are "objects"—like *Who Knows*, a sort of Zen version of a Dutch oven. A shaft of marble indented and cratered and a marble loaf incised with geometric patterns are lovely things (like the abstract garden arrangements), but they attest to a confusion of genres and the frequent triumph of aestheticism at the expense of real sculptural ideas. (Stable, Apr. 29-May 30.)—S.T.

**Good Drawing:** Although drawing has steadily risen in popularity in the last few years, fortunate-



Elbert Weinberg,  
*Processional Figures*;  
at Borgenicht Gallery.



Reuben Tam,  
*Scree*;  
at Alan Gallery.



Isamu Noguchi,  
*Study in the Classical*;  
at Stable Gallery.



Leon Hartl, *Still Life with Red Fish*;  
at American Academy of Arts and Letters.



Jules Olitski, *Molière's Chair, No. 3*;  
at French and Co.



Wols, *No. 22*;  
at Borgenicht Gallery.



Kumi Sugaï, *Kuro*;  
at Kootz Gallery.

ly there has been no successful attempt to circumscribe the limits of good drawing, so that it remains a category open to the half-minute sketch as well as the elaborately finished cross-hatched production, to the rough charcoal abstraction and the polished silver-point portrait. The present exhibition offers as many different types of drawing as the number of artists represented (ten), all illustrating different aspects of this complicated extension of the artist's handwriting. Some are very different in character from the paintings of the same artist, as Koerner's leisurely, casually knowing ink drawings which make a point of brevity and conciseness, whereas in his paintings he tends to overelaborate. One would be more likely to expect of him masterpieces of classical draftsmanship like Robert Vickrey's portrait heads. Isobel Bishop's small ink-and-wash fragments have the incisiveness and immediacy which she spends months filtering out of her paintings, while Cadmus finds everywhere the same sprawling, brawling humanity that swarms over his canvases. (Midtown, May 5-23.)—M.S.

**American Academy:** An exhibition of the works of the newly elected members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the eight award winners is now on view in the Academy's spacious galleries. In the art section at least it is a rather conservative and unsurprising selection. Among the new members, Loren MacIver in *Toward Delphi* evokes the evanescent light of the eastern Mediterranean; Philip Evergood shows his familiar satires and a subdued and delicate portrait called *Juju and Her Dog Copelia*; Charles Burchfield in three large water colors demonstrates the strong compositional force of his well-known style. Julian Levi's bright colored abstractions are well displayed; academic competence is represented by Walter Stuempfig; Jean De Marco shows wood and stone carvings. George Grosz received the Gold Medal for Graphic Art; a selection of drawings and lithographs from his early 1920-30 period is shown. The Marjorie Peabody Waite Award, which is presented to an older composer, writer or artist, this year goes to Leon Hartl. Born in Paris in 1889, this painter came to the United States in 1912 and has exhibited extensively; the tightly designed close-toned still lifes of flowers and fruits in what could be described as strawberry hues are shown to good advantage. The seven \$1,500 grants were awarded to José de Rivera, Frank Duncan, Ruth Gikow, John Guerin, Minna Harkavy, Nathaniel Kaz and James Kearns. The most avant-garde of the sculptors shown is easily Rivera, whose timeless aluminum and steel constructions have dominated such shows this year as ART U. S. A. John Guerin paints moody low-keyed vistas in which at times a figure or figures are discernible. Frank Duncan handles landscapes with a compact architectural feeling; in *Paradise Farm* and *Late Spring* the crisp bright colors look like the dream of an Urban Renewal Project. Ruth Gikow shows a series of oils that is a witty and sympathetic salute to The Teen-ager. Introspective and monotonous canvases of James Kearns leave one with a sense of foreboding. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, May 20-June 14.)—H.D.M.

**Jules Olitski:** Modern artists engaged in draining off tradition with sensational techniques have frequently become involved with a surface the mechanics of which are no less painterly, ultimately, than conventional media. There is even the irony of an artiness induced by the gaucherie of it all. This is true of Fautrier and it is true of Olitski, who lived in France between 1950 and 1952 (he was born in 1922), and who is on the order of Fautrier, but king-sized. Olitski fabricates dense surfaces with plaster and paint (possibly a synthetic resin and dry pigment and glue) on which he establishes even stronger and deeper reliefs which are emphasized by shape, direction

and color. There is no mistaking the pictures as bas-reliefs. The medium is used as the thickest of impastos, and it is this cuisine (something like putting peanut butter on a croissant) that retrieves them from exhibitionism. Olitski uses a wider range of shapes than Fautrier but works from a similar center of interest, an essential mark which he doctors according to his imagination. Thus, roughly the same squarish form in different make-up becomes three versions of *Molière's Chair*—especially if you have seen a frequently reproduced photograph of the chair in which the dramatist was stricken. Similarly *Bathsheba* puts one in mind of Rembrandt, although there is nothing but a brown mound to work with. Olitski started out as a portraitist, and he is still interested in an analogous mode of particularity. (French, May 8-30.)—S.T.

**Wols:** This retrospective exhibit of the late Alfred Otto Wolfgang Schulze, who painted under the name of Wols, is prefaced by a catalogue tribute by Kay Boyle describing his years of valiant suffering and poverty during the German occupation of France. The thirty gouaches and drawings in this show were done during the war years (1939-43), and demonstrate a reaction to desperate hardship which generalizes for man's condition rather than describing the specific distress of privation and fear. The delicate color and precise, threadlike line are reminiscent of Klee, and in *No. 22*, the most impressive of these pieces, the subject matter is like a detail from a landscape by the Elder Breughel. Horror is underplayed but is present by implication. *No. 16*, a drawing of fearsome fishes, is perhaps less literary in impact. (Borgenicht, May 19-June 6.)—H.D.M.

**Kumi Sugaï:** This Japanese painter has lived in Paris since 1952, but his work shows awareness of the New York School. Large paintings of emblematic forms, frequently symmetrical and geometric, and chiefly black and white, are executed in sensuous texture. Most interesting is the large black and white *Kuro*, developed from circle, triangle and square into a bold hieroglyph whose static black pattern discloses an animated white core or heart or spirit. (He puts us on our guard against oversimplifications about matter and spirit, good and evil.) In fact, his show contains two demons: *Oni*, a red demon, developed on a simple monochromatic background, and somewhat resembling an abstract mask; and a white demon, very effectively stated with a minimum of color and subtly employed textures. Less telling in impact are the more cluttered canvases, such as *Kariado*. These very competent paintings are perhaps too formalized for our violent Western soul, and the demons seem to us more decorative than threatening. (Kootz, Apr. 25-May 15.)—H.D.M.

**Serena Rothstein:** Something very much like dogma is the liberating agent in Miss Rothstein's paintings. She has accepted the plane as the quintessential formal unit, and by exposing it to as many attitudes as possible on a given scale she conveys a sense of effort that is the best indication of actual experience. Miss Rothstein, who has lived in Paris since 1954, studied with Hofmann between 1948 and 1952, and has obviously benefited from the experience. Working frequently with a landscape theme, she assembles planes and angles with a kind of molecularized scanion of form and surface. Sometimes they are grouped in a recessionary way, but more frequently they are dispersed in tumbling, chainlike sequences with a strongly personal element in their color. The hastier compositions are significantly the more cerebral ones, and the symbolic confrontation with her surface becomes a theoretical recital. She paints for the most part on paper, as if she were more interested at the moment in knowledge than results. It is natural then that color waxes and wanes in clarity, that the surface



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is not always reassembled, that at times her ideas  
end in confusion. Hers is a discourse illuminated  
by many brilliant passages rather than a realized  
system, but she seems capable of living with the  
same doubts that inspire her research. (Bayer,  
May 18-June 13.)—S.T.

**Chi-Kwan Chen, Hua Li, Gary Woo:** The spirit  
of an ancient tradition prevails in this exhibition  
by three Chinese-born water-colorists, but one  
could hardly call the heritage a disadvantage  
when it has been so variously reinterpreted. Chen  
and Li received their college education before  
coming to the U.S. from China. Woo, who came  
from Canton as a child, received his art training  
in California. Experimentation obtains in varying  
degrees in all three. Chen appropriates the more  
obvious abstract patterning of the Japanese, as in  
the angle of vision in a study of rice paddies. He  
also works in an unconventional technique that  
gives some of his work a print quality. Li has trans-  
planted the most traditional vision to New England,  
where in a work like *Pass among the Rocks* he  
selects only the important details for his char-  
acteristic placement in space. Woo is the most  
sophisticated and, significantly, the only one who  
exploits archaism for its cumulative decorative  
effect. He creates striking palimpsests which issue  
in abstract patterns. While his motifs are Oriental  
in flavor, Woo works with modern Western ideas  
of pictorial space and freely associated forms.  
(Mi Chou, May 12-June 6.)—S.T.

**Eskimo Carvings:** The annual exhibition spon-  
sored by St. James Church has become an event  
looked forward to by an ever-growing number  
of people, and this year's show should certainly  
add to its reputation. A true folk art, these carv-  
ings are made by Canadian Eskimos during their  
long winters, and collected at posts of the Hudson  
Bay Company for the Canadian Handicrafts Guild  
which sponsors this art. A very extensive group of  
sculptures was assembled this year, the total be-  
ing more than five hundred, which were displayed  
in three shifts, and which included a considerable  
variety of stone, ranging from very black slate  
to gray and green soapstone. In keeping with the  
needs of the people, the objects are usually rather  
small—transportable—none of them more than  
a foot high, and the bulk of them only a few  
inches; yet their feeling for plastic form is such  
that a monumental effect is achieved even on  
this diminutive scale. The forms are simple and  
rather abstract without ever departing from na-  
ture. The subjects fall into two categories, the  
animals of the region, and the Eskimos in their  
daily activities such as hunting or fishing or play-  
ing with their children. The people, usually larger  
in size, are portrayed in a more realistic manner,  
while the animal carvings are smaller and more  
abstract. Many different kinds are represented,  
among them bears, seals, walrus, fishes and  
birds, and it is among these that the finest ex-  
amples of this art are found, works which com-  
bine a lovely sense of form and surface with a  
vivid expression of life. (St. James, Apr. 26-  
May 9.)—H.M.

**William McGee:** Abstract collages of torn paper  
are tastefully executed in the classic manner of  
this art form. He uses white, black and royal blue  
set off by a warm color, and sometimes a charcoal  
line; the most successful are the simpler abstrac-  
tions, such as *Buoy, Scape, Divide, Provincetown*.  
A suggestion of horizon puts us in a landscape  
frame of mind without deviating from the abstract  
mode of composition. The artist teaches at Brown  
University. (Borgenicht, June 9-30.)—H.D.M.

**Walasse Ting:** Ting, who is thirty, was born in  
China, where he was trained in the ancient art of  
calligraphy; but he is careful to point out that his  
large canvases smitten with great reaches of black  
paint represent painting and not calligraphy. As

a traditional artist Ting could produce a seven-  
foot dragon in about two minutes. Despite the  
abandon of his action approach, his feeling for  
black and white retains its traditional sensitivity.  
He works—like Jackson Pollock—on the floor  
and in the picture, brushing and shoving his  
blacks into masses from which licks of paint fly  
up like solar eruptions. The result is an image  
of electrifying immediacy but only within the  
limits of a conception that depends entirely on  
the instant of propulsion. When this force is  
depleted, Ting stops painting, and he may not  
work actively again for days. If Ting is working  
the territory that a modern mythomania has  
awarded to one man, he might acknowledge the  
difference in formative experience and concede  
to the logic of his heritage by making his can-  
vases smaller. He is concerned with one essential  
"ink" dot and not the fourteen thousand noted  
by an ancient master in one of his long land-  
scapes. While the large size of his works accom-  
modates the muscularity of his approach, much  
of the room is taken up by the running start  
which could be excised by judicious manipulation.  
The calligrapher, after all, reduces his choices  
mentally before making just the right stroke.  
(Jackson, May 19-June 20.)—S.T.

**Branchard, Canadé, Friedman:** Emile Bran-  
chard (1881-1938), an American primitive painter,  
was discovered at the 1919 Salon des Indépendants  
in Paris. His paintings are owned by the Museum  
of Modern Art, the Addison Gallery and other  
collectors. The eighteen small panels in this show  
are mostly landscapes built around bare tree  
trunks drawn with a delicate line; notable is a  
beautiful small painting of a gypsy. Canadé, who  
left Italy as a boy and lived all his life in Amer-  
ica, paints landscapes of Italian towns as though  
only Italy were a real place; one example in this  
show is like a detail from an early Renaissance  
master. There is also a portrait of one of his sons  
which captures the brooding intensity and intro-  
spection of a small boy. Friedman is represented  
by six portraits done in the 1920's; the one of a  
post-office clerk against a lemon-colored back-  
ground is both subtle and monumental. (Zabriskie,  
June 9-July 3.)—H.D.M.

**William Congdon:** An artist inspired by his  
impression of a scene, Congdon is attracted to  
the way a pattern masses itself in his eye, to its  
Gestalt, if you will, including the environment  
of light, heat and color. It is also an impression  
of movement for which his painting knife is like  
a seismograph, recording the shock of vision and  
the tremor of an instant. There is thus a fidelity  
to immediate feeling and a necessarily simplified  
plan of transcription. The larger works here are  
based on a ten-day visit to Egypt last winter and  
were painted in Positano, where Congdon also  
made a number of small, rapid studies on a land-  
scape theme. Addressing himself to his subject  
in the most general terms, Congdon sets down  
great reaches of creamy pigment. The pyramids  
are triangular wedges, the desert is seen as series  
of heated undulating rhythms, the pyramids by  
night are a blur of streaked amber, by day mono-  
liths against the sky, the valley of the Nile be-  
comes a swirling oval of green in the midst of an  
acrid vista beginning abruptly on both sides of  
the fertile passage. As his passion abates, some  
equilibrium is restored and the Impressionist bias  
becomes more reflective, as in *Egypt, No. 10*, in  
which three pyramids against the horizon are  
more the sentinels they are than a theme which,  
recalled, becomes the basis for emotional impro-  
visation. (Parsons, May 12-30.)—S.T.

**Soshana:** An impetuous painter whose every  
brush stroke is a vehement gesture, Soshana  
demonstrates unflagging energy in all of the forty  
paintings which comprise her second New York  
exhibition. A few darting strokes suggest a blos-



William McGee, *Divide*;  
at Borgenicht Gallery.



Walasse Ting, *Untitled*;  
at Jackson Gallery.



Emile Branchard, *Trees in the Snow*;  
at Zabriskie Gallery.



William Congdon, *Positano, No. 4*;  
at Parsons Gallery.



## IN THE GALLERIES

som, flattened by the wind against a vivid ground, or several strategic swags of paint on a blue ground seem to open up unlimited space, or a mass of scumbled lines threatens in a snarling mood. This is very personal, very impulsive painting, made with daring, and with confidence that the personality is an interesting one. The artist is a former model of Picasso, who has spoken encouragingly of her painting. (Hartert, May 18-June 30.)—M.S.

**Contemporary Japanese Prints:** Modern Japanese art which clearly retains cultural definition is much more likely to be found in the form of prints than paintings, if only because the graphic arts ease the sting of transition through the artist's familiarity with the medium. Nevertheless, every shade of withdrawal from traditional sensibility is represented in this diverse group of prints. The late Onchi was an early experimenter in abstraction of the free-form variety. Artists like Hagiwara and Shinegawa employ a favorite device, the use of natural wood forms, and Ushiku has developed a method that gives a monotype effect to his biological-looking accidents. Sasajima sticks to black and white and representation but fragments his compositions with free cutting. An impressive appearance is made by Gen Yamaguchi, whose tree makes an abstract shape without strain to the East or concession to the West. Saito shares this middle road, while Hiratsuka (who is sixty-four) holds the fort for the traditionalists with a well-wrought nineteenth-centuryish vision. In all, the works of twenty artists are shown. (Weyhe, May 25-June 30.)—S.T.

**John Dobbs:** Fragments, portions or details of a scene, partially recalled memories, copies of childhood snapshots—these are the matter of Dobbs's clever paintings and drawings. He snatches at recollections, at crucial instants, like the moment of a telephone's ringing or the seconds of a drawbridge's suspension in air, its halves like two rearing mastodons on a vast plain, or the world caught by a camera lens in the instant of a shutter's closing. A sample of the latter variety is *Erie Place, May 30, 1935*, showing four flag-bearing children on a dusty road, frame house, maples, railroad track—staple ingredients of a plain American cornstarch pudding, with the treatment neither slick nor crude, but straightforward and thoroughly acceptable for the front parlor. There are portraits from photographs and paintings from newspaper photos of Germany in the 1930's, prize-fight scenes, a lovely glimpse of a *Running Man* at twilight and many other flashback views of places and people. The whole is like a composite scrapbook of random mementos from the artist's formative years (he was born in 1931), but what his present preoccupations are is not made clear. (G Gallery, May 5-30.)—M.S.

**Andrew Martin:** In the two major canvases in Martin's fourth exhibition in New York, the artist is engaged with a problem it is not entirely accurate to describe as simply an attempt to create depth in the surface plane. There is the larger effort at major composition, along with the particular character of his representation—both of which indicate more than purely formal concerns. The subject in both instances is a group of five figures, bathers, in an ambiguous landscape. There is no definite indication where land ends and sea begins, and the foreground figures are weirdly foreshortened. The figures are broached with large planes of color pressing them into the open forms of the landscape, but the contours are maintained though twisted. As they move, the surface moves with them. The brilliant swatches of blue, green, orange and yellow invade and evade the outlines, but the effort implied from this is not wholly realized. A study of the smaller works, which include more bathing scenes and city scenes and still lifes, suggests the complexity

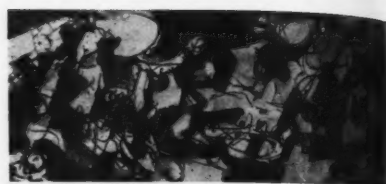
of the problem baffling him—to make the center of interest precipitate an equally important overall composition. There is some formal resemblance to Prendergast and the intellectual color of Delaunay, whose athletic content is also invoked. More than just promising, Martin has an appetite for challenge. (Rice, May 19-June 13.)—S.T.

**Afro:** The large mural entitled *The Garden of Hope* was installed at UNESCO's Paris headquarters in October of 1958. This exhibit includes the sketches done by the artist preparatory to the execution of this important work. Gouaches on paper, pencil, charcoal and ink drawings, and a large oil on canvas treat the theme and explore the ideas used in the mural. It is a privilege to be able to view the working out of a major work, especially when each sketch is skillful, deft and expressive in itself. The subtle colors and convoluted masses, the delicate tonal precision in the use of black and white (implying color even when it is absent), the clarity and coherence of each sketch—all combine to give the special pleasure we feel in the presence of mastery. In some of the drawings the bite and horror of Miró-like fantasy is hinted at. The large oil sketch seems to be the sum of eliminations, but each sketch is valid in itself. (Viviano, May 11-June 6.)—H.D.M.

**New Talent:** The work of more than twenty painters is selected from submissions during 1958-59 to this showcase gallery which has introduced many now well-known artists to the public. The relative immaturity of the artists is perhaps emphasized in such discursive selection, but the evidence in any event would indicate—as expected—the drawing power of an abstract tradition that, when taken as seriously as it is here, does not act like a tradition at all. Undoubtedly that is the point, but perhaps it explains why so much of the work ages immediately, why a work on aluminum, part painting, part low-relief construction, carries the unmistakable mark of a period, as do a pair of Dada constructions by Gordon Brown and, at the other extreme, the rather knowledgeable Abstract Expressionism of Beulah Bassine. In between, of course, there are all shades of figuration, all locked in a clinch of ambition that makes one think of the population problem first, art second. (Artists', May 23-June 25.)—S.T.

**William Sebring, Chaim Fleischman, Sharon:** Sebring uses white extensively in his Abstract Expressionist paintings. In some of the earlier ones it seems to be there to veil something else, and while not displeasing, is somewhat monotonous; but in his latest work, called *Cuyahoga*, its purpose is fulfilled in lending brilliance and force to the strongly vertical composition. Fleischman paints in the classical tradition of Mondrian; some of his canvases have several rectilinear divisions and leave one with a sense of emptiness, as though the idea fell apart and the painting were left uncompleted; in the well-organized *Haze*, however, painted yellows, whites and reds and pasted-on colored papers give space and continuity in a happy combination. Sharon, in her most finished canvas, *Water No. 2* (she paints in the Abstract Expressionist mode), fuses color and movement in a coherent and controlled composition. These three enterprising young painters demonstrate that what was but recently experiment is now tradition, and that there are many paths which lead to academism, not the least of which are contemporary. (Heller, June 2-30.)—H.D.M.

**Luis Martinez Pedro:** The graphic distinction of Pedro's style emphasizes only the "clear form" end of the geometric spectrum, and space is, therefore, not the main issue. The form symbols frequently have the precision of die-cut parts, and color, limited to blues and grays and black and white for the most part, plays a considerable



Afro, *The Garden of Hope*; at Viviano Gallery.



Beulah Bassine, *Untitled*; at Artists' Gallery.



William Sebring, *Penn Relays*; at Heller Gallery.



Luis Martinez Pedro, *Composition No. 13*; at Barone Gallery.

in integrating them with the surface. Pedro does not, however, push this tooled quality too far, using his color in passing to mitigate the severity. But despite his decorum, there is implied a gratuitous flow of energy that is molded into being rather than visualized. This is truer, interestingly enough, in a largely black and white canvas like *Composition No. 13*, where the absence of color is compensated by the counterpoint of snavely stylized shapes. An earlier canvas, *Composition No. 12*, soothed by warm ochers, plays on the ambiguities of overlapping forms and the suggestion of transparency. (Barone, May 18-June 20.)—S.T.

**Venus in America:** Goddess or slut, hunch-backed or clubfooted, curvacious or thoroughly square, the female figure persists in Central American art from the earliest cultures, and in her various incarnations is billed here as the counterpart of Venus—one far-stretched equation which Malraux failed to make. It is more truthful than narrow-minded, however, to say that Venus did not exist in America until the first plaster cast arrived in the nineteenth century. Our modern flexible aesthetics may well rank these terra-cotta figurines above the Venus de Milo insofar as significant form is concerned, but the spirit proper to Venus as the embodiment of the most perfect and idealized form of natural beauty is not the spirit which prompted these works. They are imbued with superstition, fear, fetish-consciousness and near-mechanical repetition rather than Grecian lucidity. This makes them no less fascinating, revealing and provoking of speculation about aspects of man's earlier history and areas of his psyche that remain pertinent today. (Emmerich, Apr. 27-May 30.)—M.S.

**Graves Collection of Prints:** One of the outstanding collections of early American prints is that of the late Henry Graves, Sr., who specialized in such areas of Americana as early views of Manhattan and New York harbor, American historical and naval prints, historical portraits and early depictions of various American cities. He also owned a series of eighteenth-century English mezzotints after Morland and a small group of etchings by Rembrandt, Meryon and Whistler. The collection offers a wonderful opportunity for students and enthusiasts of Americana and the American scene in the past to study the development of the country's building and shipping in the years from 1790 to 1850, and particularly to watch the rolling farmlands of New York disappear at a fantastic speed. The prints are chiefly historical in interest, and the collector did not apparently venture into any of the more unusual byways of early American print making. (Kennedy, May 7-30.)—M.S.

**Birgit Liljeblad Beer:** Some fifteen years of studios labor is compressed into this exhibition of selected works which include paintings, drawings and sculpture. The representational aspect of Miss Beer's work is at once a triumph of design and over design. She quite literally abstracts shapes from her still-life and figure subjects, but in reconstructing the pattern produces a likeness that deftly balances character and form. It is semiabstract in design and realistic in solution. Light falling on a form guides Miss Beer in her choice of pattern as she blocks in rather than models passages from light to dark. Still lifes with their simplified volumes respond best to her exacting intelligence, but in a figure like *End of a Warm Day* the vigorous simplification, following a natural source of illumination, augments the simple truth of the picture—that the woman is tired. When she attempts more elaborate movement, as in her Madonnas, the distortion is not as well understood, but in her drawings, where a debt to Matisse is apparent, the arabesques are

more pertinent. A sound, sensible artist, Miss Beer has produced some very nice things. (Coronet, Apr. 16-May 10.)—S.T.

**Loan Exhibition:** Paintings by 115 American artists comprise this exhibition which inaugurates the gallery's new, and more manageable, quarters in the Hotel Biltmore. The gallery had previously been located in Grand Central Terminal for thirty-six years. A collection of paintings on loan from the Metropolitan Museum and private collectors, implemented by works from gallery members, provides a survey of realistic American painting, to which the organization is dedicated. (The gallery maintains, however, a modern annex on Madison Avenue.) The exhibition includes the once revolutionary Luks, Henri and Shinn of the Ash Can School and such diverse figures as Sargent, Homer, Hassam, Waugh, Russell, Kroll, Taubes and Priscilla Roberts. The foreword to the catalogue by Director Erwin S. Barrie is a model of frank exposition, unmarred by rancor, as regards policy. Guests of honor at the opening were Mayor and Mrs. Wagner. (Grand Central, May 19-June 12.)—S.T.

**Silvano Bozzolini, Mimmo Rotella:** Bozzolini, an Italian living in Paris since 1947, offers "clear form" woodcuts in color. The graphic affluence is augmented by rhythmic variations which seem to depart on Romanesque curves and arches. In their verve, Bozzolini's prints are, with the exception of their color which is less elegant, typically Italianate in their approach to geometry. Rotella, also Italian, shows collages which look like walls or billboards stained and disfigured by the elements. The medium itself—torn paper, crumpled, textured or burned and coated with a thick varnish—is not important. It is only "natural." Rotella works like a Tachist, then, but to produce an "abstract" naturalism which, in effect, is a form of *trompe-l'oeil*. (Wittenborn, June 1-30.)—S.T.

**Eighteenth-Century French Painting:** After decades of neglect, the once-much-admired works of the Rococo painters are beginning to come back. This group of French pictures gives an excellent sampling of the era, with three of the major artists included. The most outstanding are the Bouchers from his early and best period, originally painted for Madame de Pompadour and representing allegories of Summer and Autumn. They are particularly fine in their feeling for plastic form and composition. Looser in brushwork and lighter and airier in color are the Fragonards, which originally were part of the paneling of a palace. In them the elegance and charm of the period find perfect expression. Portraiture is well represented by Nattier's likeness of the Comtesse de Brac as Aurora. It is too bad that nothing of Watteau is included—even a sketch by the greatest of these Rococo artists would have rounded out the show. (Duveen, May 1-June 30.)—H.M.

**Domenico Gnoli:** The painstaking draftsmanship of this young Italian artist is seen to good advantage in the large drawings which constitute his first exhibition here. They have the look of nineteenth-century book illustrations, even to the all-over fabric of fine, small lines like those of engravings and the pale washes with which they are sometimes tinted. The subjects are groups, whether of tables and chairs, market stands, open umbrellas or people adrift in wooden tubs, and it is in the repetition and variation of detail that Gnoli achieves his half-humorous, half-serious effects. Something amid all this fastidious earnestness always seem to be just slightly wrong or out of step, as if the artist were mocking his own tendency toward order, as well as conformity in general. The most elaborate and intriguing drawing is the *First Ship*, in which a conveyance like a huge tenement afloat opens numerous windows,

## FROM THE PERMANENT COLLECTION —

### Paintings

ARP  
BRAQUE  
DOMELA  
KANDINSKY  
LAURENS  
LEGER  
NICHOLSON

PICASSO  
MACD. WRIGHT  
VALMIER  
*Sculpture*  
CHADWICK  
HEPWORTH  
PICASSO  
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## IN THE GALLERIES

chambers and stairways to reveal a warren full of seagoing slum-dwellers. (Bianchini, Apr. 29-May 23.)—M.S.

**Italian Exchange Exhibition:** Painters represented by the Galleria Annunciata in Rome are hung here in exchange for a selection of Americans associated with the Nordness Gallery. Renato Birolli's *Farmers in a Rice Field*, a strong, semi-abstract composition, is the most outstanding of the group; Angelo Del Bon shows delicate, dreamy flowers in a white vase. Warm earth colors thickly applied are used by Piero Gaudi to describe urban scenes in his *Old Locomotive and Station*. Giuseppe Migneco's still lifes have overtones of the School of Paris, but are more rugged; Mario Sironi's *Pastoral*, a mountain scene with two fighting figures, has the melodramatic quality of Italian opera; three small, moody paintings by Carra, the crisp, cold, semiabstract still lifes by Mario Tozzi, and a thin bronze *Pulcinella* by Bruno Calvani also caught our eye. On the whole, the Annunciata Gallery seems to represent artists rooted in the School of Paris, untainted by any influence from American Abstract Impressionism. (Nordness, Apr. 28-May 16.)—H.D.M.

**Aubrey Schwartz:** Despite the attempts at horror and hallucination in these drawings and engravings by a gifted young artist, the final impression is one of Neo-Romantic nostalgia. Schwartz provides a full bestiary of imaginary predatory birds done in a style resembling nineteenth-century engravings whose appeal today is predicated on their being a part of the folklore of America. Schwartz exhumes Poe, with a drawing from a well-known photograph, presumably as a patron saint. But now the Romantic affinity is totally antiquarian, and terror ends up as novelty exploited for a sentimental value that is blatantly apparent in a series of postage-stamp-sized etchings called *Mothers and Children*. Here even the miniature is culled for its nostalgia, but it only emphasizes the affectation that is commercializing Schwartz's talent. (G Gallery, Apr. 7-30.)—S.T.

**Harold Merriam:** The vaporous clouds and brittle, looping strands of lacquer in Merriam's mixed-media paintings are known as "cosmic art," for the obvious reason that they do not relate to anything in our world and therefore must pertain to outer space. The liquid landscape of *Awakening on Jupiter*, the raging reds and oranges of *Fiery Firmament* and the wavy electric lines that traverse the mottled pink of *Angel's Paradise* constitute a preview of a dawning age by a self-styled "mystical painter." (Mond'art, May 12-May 30.)—M.S.

**Stuart J. Davis:** In the huge *Vulcan*, a sculpture in which concrete has been molded around fitted pipes, the struts weave an essentially linear framework which climaxes in the stylized up-raised arm, ready to strike with a hammer. But the tubular webbing divides the space on a flat plane instead of bringing it inside the form to intensify by analogy the essential volume of the image. In his other works, in brass, stone, plaster and cast aluminum, some given to spiny, attenuated archaisms, a similar failure to break through into space seems to express itself in progressive degrees of fragmentation. (Contemporary Arts, May 18-June 5.)—S.T.

**Allan Lunak:** This exhibition introduces to New York a Chicago artist, now forty-three, who began painting in 1950 while living in Mexico. Between 1955 and 1957 Lunak lived in Paris, and he now shows abstract canvases in which earthiness is treated rather conventionally as an image of engagement—a direct link to feeling significantly ordered by rough geometric designs. Scored, rather gelidly colored surfaces take the edge of the pattern, but in paintings like *Eclipse* and

*Symbol for the Sun*, which indicate his preference for the circle, the primality is enhanced by the elemental design. (Grand Central Moderns, May 19-June 13.)—S.T.

**Catharine Oglesby:** The artist's current concern is to achieve a synthesis between abstract patterns and nature-derived forms, so that in *Toucan*, for example, one recognizes colors and shapes which suggest the bird even without the title, but so shuffled are they that one would be hard put to reassemble them in their functional order. The colors are gaudy, bright without relief, in all but the earlier and more strictly abstract works, and she composes in terms of balancing off small units rather than merging them into larger masses. One of the more recent paintings, of a bridge and river bank, shows an attempt to break away from flat patterning and to mold forms in space, with greater fidelity to the ordinary order of things. (Bodley, May 18-29.)—M.S.

**Octave Landuyt:** Not yet thirty-seven, this Belgian artist first attracted attention in this country with a painting of two figures, reclining almost weightlessly in a red field, that won an International Guggenheim Award last year. Landuyt's first one-man exhibition here places the work in the context of an achievement that does not lead this reviewer to alter a first impression of sensationalism. What is striking is the thematic continuity of his world view, his dialectics which subsumes the higher and lower life forms under a cosmology driven by anxiety, by an existential vision of an *élan vital*. Both higher and lower forms share a common destiny, and the flesh of a woman and the bark of a tree have the same interior life. *Transfiguration* is a moonlike face of a man and also a landscape. And the two paintings, *Essential Surface No. 1* and *No. 2*—pitted, jewel-red surfaces—are magnifications of a form torn between being and becoming. One woman, all bosom and belly and one of the more painterly expressions here, is significantly entitled *Immobile*. Another study is entitled *Forever and Ever*. Landuyt's technique is impressive. His rich, transparent color—especially the reds and blues, and the jaundiced flesh tints—is perfectly proportioned to detail; and his talent for detail is notably apparent in such mixed-media studies as *Vegetal Forms* and *Basic Circular Form*. But he is sensational in that his exaggerated stylizations, particularly of the human figure (a sand dollar is treated rather factually), have more a propagandist function than an artistic one. Inevitably, he has no time for more than superficial composition. (Landry, Apr. 15-May 16.)—S.T.

**Leonard Nelson, Felix Pasilis, George Dworzan:** Nelson, a Philadelphian, applies bright paint with verve in canvases which have a dry but lively effect. His yellows and oranges suggest controlled sunbursts, or brilliant flowers, particularly in *No. 24*. Pasilis uses big areas of bright color and bulky forms, whose awkwardness sometimes has a sculptural quality. In *No. 1*, the best in this group, reds and oranges range up and out against an inky blue background. Some of the paintings which use a topographical effect in the texture are marred by pimply dots of paint. In the works of Dworzan, the paint is dripped or stained on in the fashionable manner to describe abstract ragged shapes floating on the canvas against a red or blue background. *Northern Space* is especially pleasant. (Nonagon, June 5-28.)—H.D.M.

**Louis Bunce:** One is not left in the dark for a moment as to Bunce's content in these handsome abstract interpretations of the Pacific Northwest. He marshals soft color shapes into approximate landscape formations or suggestive structures but feeds detail back in through the senses. One somehow knows this is a specific place, and makes the leap from symbolism without effort. His scaf-



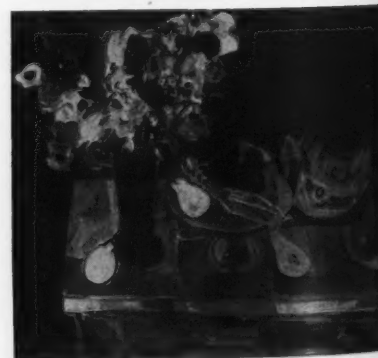
Octave Landuyt, *Transfiguration*; at Landry Gallery.



Felix Pasilis, *No. 1*; at Nonagon Gallery.



Louis Bunce, *Terrain*; at Meltzer Gallery.



Roger Bezombes, *Still Life*; at Hammer Gallery.



holding of light and color, loosely determined, resembles Cavallon, who is not, however, his model. Thick blacks sometimes emphasize structures. There are buttresses of detail, notations of flowers, distillations of local color, the sense of coastal waters and the spaciousness one feels west of Oklahoma City. Several canvases break new ground for him. (Meltzer, May 4-29.)—S.T.

**Roger Bezombes:** The work of this French artist is appearing simultaneously at two galleries—paintings at Hammer and drawing and gouaches at F.A.R. At least one of the gouaches, a man in an official uniform, is a color sketch for one of the oils. Bezombes is invariably eclectic. His paraphrases of Matisse and Bonnard permit the broadest application of color, and while there is plenty of it, most of it hot, it is nonetheless shrill. This is less true of the more modestly scaled gouaches in which Bezombes seems more at ease. The size prevents his attractive color notes from getting out of hand. In full-size oils, Bezombes does not think his compositions through. He is more hasty than spontaneous, and more inclined to lean on his favorites for support. An attractive landscape in the group of oils has obvious overtones of Van Gogh in the composition. His figures are frequently marred by rather cursory features, especially in facial details. This is not the case, however, with several charcoal drawings which are distinguished by a patiently chosen line. (Hammer, May 12-23; F.A.R., May 11-25.)—S.T.

**Keiko Minami:** One suspects that the delicacy of these decorative color etchings is the delicacy of the artist herself. There is a special authority to the whimsicality of an apple-shaped tree particularized by three large leaves, pictographic sort of landscapes enchantingly colored and populous birds that do not distinguish between the sky and an aviary. Miss Minami—who lives in Paris with her husband, known for his mezzotints—works with a stippled style, tracing thin lines that are sometimes tight but never mincing, around schematized subjects into which color is planted tastefully. Her attitude rather than her imagery derives from Klee, as adapted to an Oriental sense of composition. Gouaches are also included. (Berryman, May 18-June 6.)—S.T.

**Helen Beling:** This is the third one-man show by a sculptor who—so states the catalogue—has exhibited in major museums and show places in the nation. The facts are given merely to emphasize the observation that apparently no clear definition exists today of what is academically modern. Miss Beling, working largely in a plastic medium, produces open forms, sweeping crescents and hieratic figures, many of which are colored. She essays a kind of landscape somewhat in the manner of David Smith in *Of the River* and invokes Lassaw in *Assemblage*. But hers is a sculpture that takes such modern images at face value, as a mode of representation with a fixed formal system. Accordingly imagination has to be subsidized by externals—by color and by aimless airiness. (Krasner, Apr. 27-May 9.)—S.T.

**Vincent Capraro:** As if an enormous eider-down quilt had burst and filled the air with the soft swirling of multicolored feathers—that is the effect of Capraro's billowing paintings with their flickering lights and elusive shapes. Somewhere, hidden in this profusion of delicate strokes and colors, are faces, flowers, figures, elements of a pastiche on Goya, the trappings of a masque, any number of wispy, hazy allusions. The artist creates, with marvelous dexterity, mood paintings which belong in a rococo décor, the mood being one of frivolity and lighthearted elegance. (Iolas, Apr. 27-May 16.)—M.S.

**Sofu Teshigahara:** A master of flower arrangement in Japan and president of the Sogetsu

Flower Arrangement School (more than a million pupils throughout the world, according to the press release), Teshigahara is also an abstract sculptor. While his works demonstrate a real sculptural sensibility, their relationship to Ikebana—the art of flower arrangement—sheds more than a little light on their conception. Teshigahara combines amorphous and twisted wood shapes which he alters by carving and by covering parts of them with thin, hammered sheet metals or studding the surfaces with colored tiles. They are a kind of ultimate in "driftwood" ready-mades, projected on an epic scale, yet despite all the tampering on the part of the sculptor their natural forms evade the sculptural issue by demanding to be seen as indices of both a state of nature and a state of art. In Ikebana similar forms—but in apparently untampered-with state—frequently provide a base for the "arrangement" which takes in the natural form. These frequently stunning compositions—one of which the sculptor has created to complement his exhibition—pass, as it were, through nature to achieve formality. In his sculpture, Teshigahara has effected no equivalent transformation. His "imitation" of nature awaits art, his "imitation" of art awaits nature. (Jackson, Apr. 22-May 18.)—S.T.

**George Vander Sluis:** Vander Sluis, a professor of art at Syracuse University, writes that his paintings evolve out of "the infinite inner aspects of nature and of the infinite meanings they convey." He seems indeed to have looked long at and thought much about nature, and then returned to his easel to distill his impressions into the amorphous amalgam of motions and colors which appears on his canvases, suggesting iridescent ocean depths or the façade of a towering cliff or the telescopic photograph of a fiery nebula. Some paintings are closer to the earth, almost homey even; in a painting like *Vegetation*, the colors are those of lettuce, beets and carrots, and not those of glorious celestial fireworks. (Seligmann, May 20-June 12.)—M.S.

**Mani Deligtisch, Nancy Parker, Harvey Williams:** Deligtisch, a student at the League, has recently been awarded a \$3,000 MacDowell Traveling Fellowship. He works in an old-masterish style for Surrealist fantasies like a Bosch hipped on Freud and Dali; then, batting from the other side of the plate, he sloshes paint à la Pollock with an "I can do this stuff too" kind of attitude. But very decently, he spoofs himself by painting a self-portrait stuck through a copy of a Mondrian painted against a Pollockian web. *Bon voyage!* Miss Parker paints a gentleman pool player and a political candidate, spackling paint on with a knife, but her flat patterns encounter very real contours. Williams paints things like a woman's face in a teardrop or streamers unfurling over a barren plane. (Ceceile, June 2-13.)—S.T.

**Ida Barbarigo, Jean Leppien:** Omissions are crucial in Barbarigo's dainty water colors and ink drawings. The shapes formed by the blanks in her closely stroked massings of line are often more important than what is actually drawn, as are the white grooves which separate one mass from another. Shifts in texture or in linear thickness and direction make subtle differentiations in plane. Intricate in their plan, simple and unerring in execution, these small works speak well for this Venetian artist whose oils will be seen here at a later date.

Jean Leppien is represented by small paintings, executed in gouache and printers ink, which have the look of monotypes. Lozenges and crescent shapes, slim rectangles and squares are precisely spelled out against grounds which are stippled with black ink. Severe shapes are contrasted with hazy spatiality, and soft hues with glossy black. These paintings neither participate in the rigorous discipline of international nonobjectivism nor in

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## IN THE GALLERIES

surface emphasis of Tachism, but rest somewhere in the unpartitioned area between the two. (Artistes de France, May 27-June 6.)—M.S.

**Arthur Danto:** These recent woodcuts are distinguished by a delicacy of line, as if the artist had conceived the works as freely as a sketch. They have an impromptu quality, the lines freely bisecting the whites in studies of heads, figures, horsemen, and losing themselves in sudden blacks that are as fluid on occasion as brush strokes. In the portrait, *The Writer Herbert Gold*, Danto's irregular filigree provides a web which locks the weightier masses in the larger scheme, and they in turn inhibit any further fragmentation. (Berryman, Apr. 28-May 16.)—S.T.

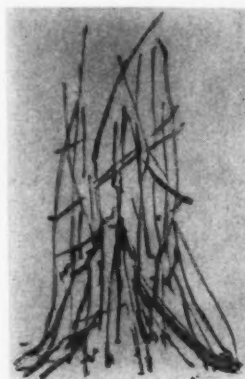
**Edward Landon:** These drawings by an artist well known as a print maker are produced with an unexplained technique that gives them something of the quality of a rubbing. More important, however, is the fact that they are drawings and not sketches, complete works in themselves, in other words. The exhibition includes a number of witty studies of birds which have a human quality in their ruffled and bedraggled states, but the major portion of the show is dedicated to exquisitely rendered ideas of natural and abstract forms. A landscape bias is frequently evident. Landon uses very few lines to make a statement. The sense of point, line and plane is embodied with meticulous elegance, even when fractured or shattered. The virtual absence of tonal application supports a slightly melancholy aspect, but Landon's feel of the surface and for design is such that there is nothing ascetic about this work. (Meltzer, June 2-30.)—S.T.

**Olivier Debré:** The official stamp is on these weighty abstractions by a French artist whose brother, Michel, is premier of France. Perhaps officiousness is a better word, but there is nonetheless the heartiness of a man sure he is in the right, moving briskly about his affairs and getting work done. Not that Debré just tosses off these thickset abstractions. It is just that he is not a man easily daunted, and he never flounders about as he stakes out huge slabs of paint, and fits them together like fieldstone. This "masonry" abridges the forms of figures, still lifes and landscapes with equal celerity and guile. The color is cool, and sometimes very nearly all white, proceeding in terraces created by the edge of the knife. M. Debré speaks with his own energy, but the dialect is pure De Staël. (Knoedler, May 12-June 12.)—S. T.

**Alfred Jensen:** The sources of Jensen's two rather astonishing murals are, we are told, Pre-Columbian and Pre-Buddhist color-design concepts. Each mural is composed of five panels. *The Golden Rule* is based on Pre-Columbian principles, *The Nine Cauldrons* on Pre-Buddhist symbolism. Both murals consist of thickset little squares of red, yellow, blue, violet and black-and-white inset with "shaped" patterns created by changes in the contrapuntal color stitching—somewhat like a sampler of fabulous patchwork quilt. Naturally, they drum up a lot of curiosity, but despite their intellectualized symbolization, the primitive geometric patterning and color provide the main avenue of approach. Some affinity for such design must certainly exist in Jensen, since he was born in Guatemala (in 1903) and educated in Denmark (from 1910 to 1919). Then came conventional Western art-training in San Francisco, followed by a period with Hofmann in Munich and finally with several artists in France. An expression that is both "kitsch" and exclusive might well stem from such diverse experience, but deracination is also implied by the absorption in mystique. In themselves, the murals are entertaining rather than enlightening,



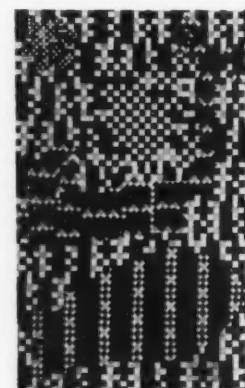
Arthur Danto, *The Writer Herbert Gold*, at Berryman Gallery.



Edward Landon, *Sweeping Vines*, at Meltzer Gallery.



Olivier Debré, *Grand Personnage*, at Knoedler Galleries.



Alfred Jensen, *The Yin*, at Jackson Gallery.



and one wonders what Jensen will do and where he will be next. (Jackson, Apr. 22-May 18.)—S.T.

**Thomas Clark:** Although the drawings of this young artist have previously been exhibited and published, this is the first New York exhibition of his paintings. A fluent and substantial draftsman, his work is the basis of his oils as well as of his drawings, but in the former it is masked by the illumination which softens contours and the carefully graded tonalities which give a somber richness to his canvases. Acuteness and ease of rendering are not always matched by the effort for full comprehension of form, nor, in the case of his portraits, by a profoundness of feeling for his subjects. The air of melancholy pervading the faces he paints is no substitute for real penetration, although it is nicely suited to the mock-heroic canvas, *Clowns Discussing the Future of a Garbage Can*. In this isolated instance, the forlornness has an edge to it which compels one to reckon with the painting as more than an exercise in observation or a well-put-together composition. (Isaacson, May 4-24.)—M.S.

**Stanislas Fraydas:** The mural-like aspects of Fraydas' technique tend to subordinate his themes, frequently of a satirical or human-interest nature, to the patterned manipulation of a stucco-like mixture of oil and sand. In such subjects as *Gadget Worshipers* and *Harlem Scene*, familiarity replaces the particulars that have been lost in the simplification demanded by the nature of his medium. (White, May 19-June 6.)—S.T.

**Kim Gaul Kwan:** Chinese-born and Western-trained, Kim Gaul Kwan now lives in a Renaissance chateau in France. Now in his sixtieth year, the artist in his most recent work seems to have rediscovered his native heritage, albeit with Western eyes, and he has worked out a reciprocal arrangement between Impressionism and the Chinese sense of infinite space. The earliest works here date from the thirties, specifically from his last trip to China, when he was working in a thickly sentimental realism which is expressed in a number of portraits. His Impressionist landscapes confine their advance to the palette rather than the eye, which only in the recent water colors achieves anything like an assimilation of the cultural forms that lend his work an anachronistic quality emphasized by the silk scrolls on which they have been mounted. (Duncan, April 18-May 2.)—S.T.

**Ilse Wacs, Lil Picard:** Austrian-born, Wacs is having his first one-man show. He works with large areas of color which tend to become linear the more movement is relied upon to throw the composition into focus. *Rain: Missoula* is a pattern of driven blues, effectively modulated in tone and tempo, while in *Across the Hudson* the momentum is predicated by a tilted plane, presumably the river, that qualifies the generalized slivers of cool green which denote the over-all landscape. In his exhilarated style, Wacs tends to be satisfied too easily. Miss Picard shows scrambled collage paintings and a group of collages based on the alphabet, the title of which, *Homage to Schwitters*, adds insult to a decided injury of the eye incurred by exposure to such a witless carnage of paint and paper. (Fleischman, May 20-June 5.)—S.T.

**Constantino Ross, Helmut Kallweit:** Ross shows monotypes, photograms and a few sculptures. The last are the most convincing, ranging from a piece which rather coyly balances three wooden heads on one another to an open aluminum work which is more successful when seen as a bas-relief. Three geometrized figures are pleasant but superficial in the simplification of volume. Kallweit's oils on paper describe geometric forms in which colored planes created by intersecting lines establish spatial ambiguities treated as ends in themselves. (ARKEP, June 1-15.)—S.T.

**E. C. Hope:** In a memorial exhibition for an American primitive, the static, jewel-like outdoor and boating scenes show how rigid are the conventions of "unattached" Sunday painters. Hope's later work is freer, as in an Impressionistic landscape, or a waterfall suggestive of Marsden Hartley. (Marino, Apr. 17-May 13.)—U.W.

**Carl Heidenreich:** These abstract caseins have as their subject light, according to the artist, but it hardly seems in evidence in the abandoned shapes of spreading stains and darting squiggles of line and endless layers of depth. Light is beside the visual point, which is made with shape and colorful palimpsests. (Graham, May 12-30.)—S.T.

**Three Printmakers:** Beautifully illustrated books, in which the work of an artist is combined with a significant text, have long existed and will always find enthusiastic collectors. Among the most recent publications of this type are the three shown here, which are of interest not only for their artistic merit but also for their range of media and style. The best-known of the three artists is the Uruguayan printmaker Frascóni, whose hand-colored woodcuts illustrating Hudson's *Birds of My Homeland* makes a very handsome volume. Also by the same artist are woodcuts with passages from writers such as Walt Whitman and Hart Crane. The other two artists are the young Spanish lithographer Galicia, who shows a highly imaginative book called *Monstruario*, and the French artist Mario Avati, whose etchings for Philippe de Rothschild's *L'Aube d'une Guerre* are rendered in a haunting Magic Realist style. (Weyhe, Apr. 10-May 16.)—H.M.

**Lawrence Woodman:** These large four-way abstractions on the theme of death, with their somber and often irreverent titles, have an effective darkness of tone and color—browns and earthy greens that rise to softer, more luxurious but dusky pinks—in cloudlike masses that form, as clouds, figurative suggestions. There is also a series of small crayon sketches "from a surgical bed." Woodman's style, under what would ordinarily be a depressing repetition of a trying personal experience, nevertheless maintains its vigor. (Adam-Ahab, June 30-July 16.)—J.R.M.

**Michel Patrix:** The subject matter in Patrix's art is clear enough, but only a few pertinent details of an object are permitted to suggest its identity as the artist goes about constructing his paintings in a surge of color, symbol and movement. Figures, landscape, farm machinery are given in a kind of shorthand. It is pretty much formula. Patrix favors an ascending arc of quick, jabbing strokes that disappear in the surrounding planes of bright, raw color. Occasionally he submits a subject to a kind of Cubist overlay—with an apparent loss of painterly mobility. (Bayer, Apr. 18-May 16.)—S.T.

**Angelo Longo, Sonya Z. Howard, Alice Vogel:** Longo's color woodcuts are bright, professional jobs. The most ambitious is a stylized, semiabstract *Garden of Eden* in red, yellow, black and green. His water colors lump masses of cool color in transparent overlaps very effectively conveying a coastal atmosphere. In his company, both Miss Howard and Miss Vogel don't stand a chance with their awkward, amateurish attempts to act like painters with small landscapes and such. *Vanitas vanitatum!* (Kottler, June 8-20.)—S.T.

**Max Pechstein:** With the renewal of interest in German Expressionism, this painter, whom German critics once regarded as the most talented member of the Brücke group, is now being given a one-man show. The exhibition is made up almost wholly of examples of his best period, that is, the time just before the First World War, when the artist was at the height of his creativity. Using

continued on page 66

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a selection

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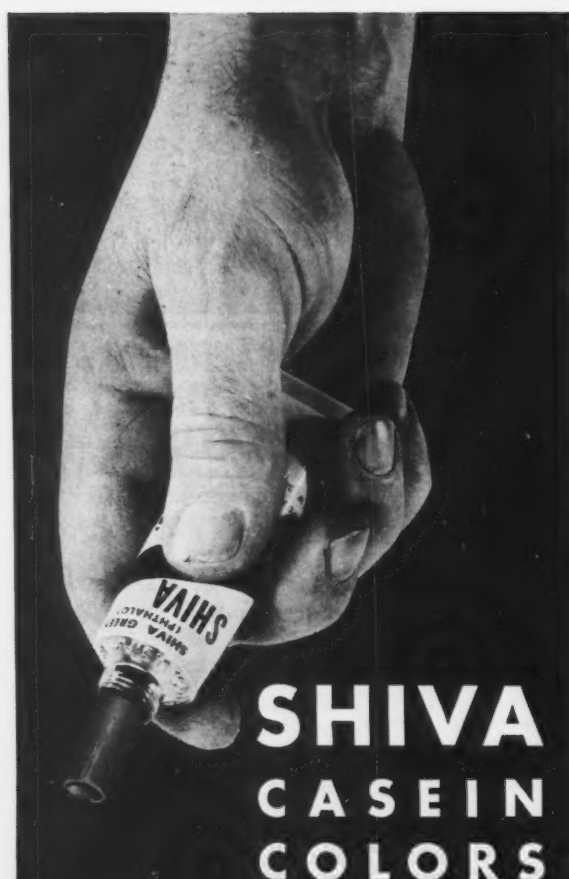
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## STUDIO TALK

Collage Transformed:  
Interview with Corrado Marca-Relli

BY BERNARD CHAET

**C**ORRADO MARCA-RELLI began to work in collage seven years ago. His work in this idiom was the subject of a recent interview in which he discussed his materials, his working methods and his attitudes. First, he emphasized that "I have been working in collage as a result of a genuine need; a medium is adopted by an artist to express himself more clearly in a particular way." And he added, "Collage for me is not study, diversion or experiment. Instead it has become my painting form." Yet Marca-Relli feels that, like all media, collage can easily be abused. He agrees that if the manner becomes more important than the matter or image or formal relations, that is, if we see the pasted materials (the "what") before we see the interaction of shape, line, color, etc. (the "how"), then the medium remains solely a method. In short, the materials must add up to an "image" which transforms the material.

Marca-Relli's initial use of collage was a logical development of several white-on-white paintings. And his painting prior to collage also contained large flat shapes—shapes in an interior space and landscapes with dense black skies stretching over block-like buildings. The step from painting to collage, then, did not force a radical change in his formal language. The earliest work with collage, modest in dimension, were in the service of adding a vocabulary of interlocking and overlapping shapes. In addition, lines were produced by the edges of the shapes; the back of each cut-out shape was coated with a dark color which stained the edges. These edges created a network of alternately continuous and broken line. This use of line defined the shapes and stressed the tensions of the overlaps. In a subsequent series of white-on-white pasted canvases he produced what appeared to be, from a distance, delicate line drawings.

Marca-Relli's emphasis of the line and the interlocking shape has expanded the possibilities of the medium. Yet critics have, at times, related his work to texture study. Perhaps because Braque's collages were somewhat textural in nature all collage is automatically linked to texture. "I do not create space through changes of texture," Marca-Relli commented. "My concern has been more with color than texture. The texture produced is the consequence of the pasting as form—the working method." His first collages were produced with primed (white) and unprimed canvas. The interaction of these two whites produced a play of transparency and opaqueness. True, he purposely limited himself at first to whites, but he gradually added natural-colored tan linens; it was the play of a limited color range rather than texture which led him to expand his palette. In his more recent work he has, in his own words, "felt the urge to use a wider color range." He therefore employs paint in combination with collage—large broad areas of reds, blues and mustard yellow. For Marca-Relli this is "a natural growth of my color interest."

**T**HERE ARE some misconceptions about Marca-Relli's method of cutting shapes. "I do not pre-cut shapes to fit a predetermined arrangement. I never measure the area to be worked." The table on which he cuts out the shapes, he explained, is about ten feet away from the painting. His only preparations are drawings (rehearsals) which "build up the rhythm of the type of interlocking to be employed." Marca-Relli works directly, that is, "spontaneously," but he does not depend solely on accident or the "emotional moment." Yet he wants to preserve the "freshness"

of Expressionism, and he feels that collage gives him a method of working simultaneously on many levels: he is free to change the form relationships immediately. He can blot out darks with a fresh white surface, paint and cover over and over again, correcting the relations as he sees fit until he reaches what he considers a "permanent clarity." "But this method," he emphasized, "has its pitfalls. Fear of making changes—of destroying relationships too fast (in fact, in seconds)—makes this a difficult medium." Coupling immediate action with a desire for a permanent clarity seems to combine two antagonistic concepts. But the power to destroy or construct in an instant is inherent in the medium. Marca-Relli summed it up this way: "I want to be able to do it over and over again until the action is satisfactory to me. I know when it clicks, and I want to be free—not to depend on accident, but to solve finally and with immediacy."

At this point Marca-Relli commented on the changes in his work over the past seven years. At first he constructed single figures. Gradually he began to work with groups of figures in what he calls "the architecture of an event" (see *The Battle* at the Metropolitan Museum). At present the shapes he employs are, for him, the synthesis: "The forces themselves are my concern. Yet the same abstract forces were present when the figure was the basis." And he added, "I never used the figure naturalistically; it was always distorted to fit a role in the painting."

Finally, he listed the glues he has employed for pasting. He began by using roofing tar, and he has employed oil paint—especially lead white, which has a strong glue action. He has also employed a heated-wax-in-turpentine mix combined with dammar varnish. At present he employs plastic glues—poly(vinyl-acetate) emulsified, such as Sobo, Elmer's or the Italian equivalent, Vinavil. He prefers the plastics because they minimize shrinkage.

TO SUM UP, Marca-Relli has employed collage to combine an Expressionistic attitude of direct attack and immediate change with the classical concept of a perfected spatial environment. He does not employ collage as a sum of textures; his interest has been rather in a limited range of color which he has recently expanded to allow for primary colors to play against the black, white and tans of the canvas. The color has been added at times by painting, at times by colored material. His use of the darkened edge assumes a contrapuntal role to what he considers the essence of his use of collage, the interlocking of open and closed forms. And let us note that he has changed the scale of collage; his fluid technique of pasting and painting permits him to work on wall-sized paintings with ease. In his words, "There are no limitations to any medium. My problem has been to use collage in what I feel is a natural way."



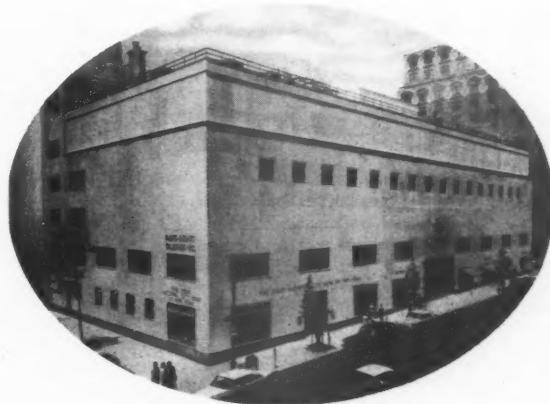
Corrado Marca-Relli, *The Pledge* (1957); collection Stadler, Paris.

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## IN THE GALLERIES

color for expressive purposes, Pechstein achieves powerful effects which can be deeply moving. This intensity of emotion is especially marked in his *Still Life with Nude* and the scenes of fishing boats and fishermen from the Baltic, but the paintings of 1913, such as the views of Cartosa and Monterossa, show a weakening of expression and a softening of color and form which foreshadow the decline of his later work. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, May 2-June 3.)—H.M.

**Charles Sturm:** The sensitivity of his color complements the broad, somewhat Expressionistic style of these figure drawings and studies in pastel and water color. The figure studies, particularly *Indian Mother and Child* and *Children of the Road*, have a fine, hard angularity and forthrightness in their attack. The artist is capable of more mysterious effects, notably in *Ah, Mistress, Mistress*, with its luminous and ghostly pale figure in a dense and brooding landscape, and of an exciting clarity in the brilliant portrait of Amish youths. (Adam-Ahab, May 5-June 4.)—J.R.M.

**Lindsey Decker:** Showing for the first time in New York, Decker exhibits bronzes completed for the most part during two years in Rome while on Fulbright and Italian Government Fellowships. He practices the horrors of totemism, indulging images of astonishing cruelty—a bride of hieratic fierceness all prickles and barbs, a sacrifice in the clutches of a thorny claw and pestilential landscapes with horned plants and cankers. Admittedly, the reaction may reveal the reviewer, who was fascinated by the relationship of symmetry to terror in his work, rather than the artist, who is not alone in finding the abhorrent a form of aesthetic titillation. (Zabriskie, May 18-June 6.)—S.T.

**Franco Gentilini:** Ordinarily one would associate wit and irony with Gentilini's Klee-like versions of people and things. But a second glance reveals no difference in the handling of either. Gentilini schematizes his subjects, applying his scrawny geometry to a gritty surface which he appears to have built up first. The color is spare and primitive. This diagrammatic civilization includes stick figures and other cultivated childish symbols of things, but there is no mitigating sense of irony that usually accompanies such sophistication. The brittle plastic content reflects rather the tragedy of life reduced to a tableau of "objects," which is redeemed only by the philosophical weight of his deliberate style. (Heller, Apr. 29-May 26.)—S.T.

**Modern French Graphics:** The sense of design which was particularly strategic in the art of Edouard Vuillard is clearly demonstrated in several color lithographs of interiors and landscapes which dominate a group of prints including works by Miró, Chagall and Picasso. Vuillard transcended bourgeois detail through design, which also dictated that he flatten his forms and establish close color harmonies. When his design weakened he became illustrative. Picasso's color lithos from his "Artist and Model" series are irreverent but sad. The artist is shown as an aging clown. Chagall's Bible studies have been frequently exhibited, and the Mirós are characteristically inscribed with simple color forms. (Juster, Apr. 27-May 9.)—S.T.

**Erik Hoberg:** Here is a world of cellular forms, delineated by arabesques and illuminated from within. It is a world created by discovery—the consequence of an elaborate mixed-media technique disclosing shapes and suggestions with every application. It is as if he had concentrated on a single area of adventure opened up by Klee, whose small format he has adopted also. Sometimes there is only patterning, occasionally a pair of figures appear, or there is an exact association like *The Chessmen*, five elegant types like strange sea horses. It is a private little world where the artist awaits the unexpected and sometimes set-

ties for the simply decorative. (Artzt, June 15-26.)—S.T.

**Kerouedan:** The fishing boats of his native Brittany are painted by this young artist with vigorous patterns at once rugged and pleasant. Distantly remarking on Van Gogh, Kerouedan attempts to invoke eloquence through topicality. A striking work is the painting of a boat pitched on its side on the beach like an old shoe. In others, in which yellow is ubiquitously evident, the artist's attack with a painting knife is undermined by somewhat piecemeal construction that is perhaps the result of an insufficiently directed illumination. (Duncan, May 17-June 2.)—S.T.

**George Mackay-Moffat:** An English artist in his fifties, Moffat is having his first American show. Titles like *Yellow Sonata* and *Symphonic Variations* seem rather naïve at this point in the game, but Moffat seems to desire more than abstract construction for its own sake. He fits odd-shaped shapes neatly together, sometimes organizing the entire surface, sometimes provoking a center of interest through the arrangement of dark and light, as in *Monolith*, where dark slabs support each other while a yellow triangle becomes a fissure of light emanating from some strange interior. (Panoras, June 1-13.)—S.T.

**Ingenbleek, Bastel, Lanslot:** A trio of impressionists provides various samples of European homespun. Ingenbleek, from Strasbourg, uses a kind of Post-Impressionism to bring out local color of landscapes and still lifes. Bastel, from Dieppe, shows only two landscapes, appropriating Vlaminck particularly in the storm-swept skies. Lanslot, from the Pyrenees, favors light orange in consistently naïve studies. (Duncan, May 4-16.)—S.T.

**Ralph Della Volpe:** An artist in residence at Bennett College, Della Volpe is attracted to twilighted landscapes in which details become smudgy symbolic forms, except for the birds which are the only signs of life. Della Volpe's horizontal bias, articulated—at a distance—in a manner resembling Gottlieb, is restful enough, as are his colors, but it hardly provides enough compositional variety to make the spotted forms substantial enough for the birds ever to land on them. (Artists', May 2-21.)—S.T.

**Maria Krasnonis:** A dense, heavy style in her oils has its particular effectiveness and is especially pleasurable in one or two of the landscapes and in the rich brown still life, *Basket of Flowers*. The water colors and gouaches are less interesting, and the series of abstractions in crayon, with their wandering lines and spots of color, have the air of exercises in a different style rather than any distinct urgency of their own. (Adam-Ahab, June 9-25.)—J.R.M.

**Frank Eliscu:** This third one-man show features fifteen small bronzes executed directly in wax and twenty-five relief carvings in slate, including some original designs for recently completed commissions; *Tree of the Old Testament*, a scale plaster model, looks appropriately monumental. The sculptor is a member of the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League of New York and a teacher at the School of Industrial Art. (Sculpture Center, May 10-30.) . . . **Albert Abramowitz:** This eighty-one-year-old artist from Wantagh, Long Island, shows twenty oils painted over the years; landscapes done in the style of American Impressionism popular at the turn of the century predominate. (Pietrantonio, June 1-15.) . . . **Roy Lichtenstein:** Against a white background sparse marks of bright paint stand out, and one area of the canvas is selected to bear the textured relief of a heavy impasto; *No. 2* is the best in this group of untitled works. (Riley, June 2-27.) . . . **George Russin:** Thick slabs of highly varnished paint applied with a palette



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knife describe conventional scenes of France and Italy in garish color and flashy style. (Little Studio, Apr. 27-May 9.) . . . **Judith Har-Even:** This Israeli painter uses heavily pigmented, rich color, chiefly somber reds and blues, to depict views of Haifa, San Francisco, Acre, Brooklyn Heights, in an Expressionist style; *Rooftops*, a view of Brooklyn which recalls Rouault, is the most outstanding. (New York, June 2-20.)—H.D.M.

**Donnes Dekker:** Somber studies of Don Quixote, blander paintings of Dutch subjects and several pastel drawings are shown by this Dutch artist now living in Paris. (Duncan, June 15-July 2.)

**Dorothy Sturm:** These abstract montages and enamels are really collages, with rags, piece goods and burlap sewn together in the case of the former and shards and chunks of colored glass frozen in a clear aspic of baked enamel in the latter. (Section Eleven, Apr. 21-May 9.) . . .

**Ruth Hutton Ancker:** Twelve sculptures are exhibited, mostly portraits and an occasional allegorical study. (Eggleston, May 4-16.) . . . **Leone Taver:** A sinister quality is exploited in these dark landscapes, some of which are painted in black, white and gray. (Duncan, June 15-July 2.)

**Murray Belkin:** A study of a cathedral window tessellated with blues and occasional dabs of pink stands out in a group of stylistically unsteady paintings. (Coronet, May 18-30.) . . .

**Christian Larochelle:** A young Canadian exhibiting under a pseudonym shows thickly painted expressionistically abstract canvases in which color is intense and an eye or head pops up disturbingly. (Marino Night Gallery, May 15-June 15.)

**John O'Connor:** This New Mexico artist strives for mysterious lighting effects in a number of small-scale abstractions. (Panoras, June 15-27.) . . . **Paul Freeman:** An irregular grid of checkered color is drawn on three basically representational paintings of musicians and girls with flowers; stylized volumes are employed within black outlines in thinly painted figure groups. (Panoras, June 29-July 18.) . . . **Jerome Burns:** The artist reports on a visit to Spain with modest, likable gouaches of rooftops, interiors and placid village scenes that do not restrain his feeling for warm colors. (Hicks St., June 11-28.)—S.T.

# LETTERS continued from page 7

whole. So long as this attitude prevails, it is extremely difficult to have an organization for artists which really speaks as the collective voice of the American artist. It is also a very neat way for the artist to commit economic suicide.

It is this factional and childish bickering as to who is and who is not an important artist—or who is or who is not an artist at all!—which has made it impossible for Equity to advance as it should. Fortunately such conflicts do not prevail throughout the country. At the convention it was quite apparent that some of the younger chapters are alive, dynamic and—not only in actual growth but also in ideas—pointing the way toward a great organization of artists.

The congressmen who are most interested in some kind of a government art program and interested in the establishment of such programs as a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts have said to us most clearly that without the help of the artists of America their hands are tied. But they have also said that with our united help the time is ripe to move forward. There are many other possibilities beginning to emerge which will strengthen the artist's individual economic status, but again we must have the support—even if by membership without participation in day-by-day chapter activities—of the majority of professional artists in the United States. This we intend to have. We will attain this goal by an aggressive program of organization throughout the country. When this is done and every art center from the Atlantic to the Pacific has a chapter, we can cer-

tainly claim that we speak for the professional artist. If there are individual artists who consider themselves of too great an importance to belong to Equity, of course this is their own personal affair. If they feel they can do better in "going it alone" or with their few cohorts who consider themselves the important few, then it is our loss that we do not have the benefit of their advice and co-operation. We need everyone who meets the qualifications for membership. If we cannot have everyone, we can and will move ahead with the vast majority.

Since Artists Equity Association was founded as a national organization, we intend to make this true in fact. If it can be national in scope and truly representative of the majority of the American professional artists, it can be a force for the benefit of the entire profession. If it is not this, it is nothing.

JOHN ROOD  
President  
Artists Equity Association

# BOOKS continued from page 15

with the new division at 1850, which emphasizes the distinction between the more reminiscent and relatively simple cubic massing of early Romanticism and the "high" styles of later Romanticism with their exuberant eclecticism and vehement plasticity. Thus the second section of the new book opens with chapters on the French Second Empire mansardic style (with, characteristically, seven plates devoted to English and American "Second Empire" as against three for France) and the High Victorian Gothic.

From this threshold of violent disintegration, Hitchcock enters upon those developments which he had once characterized as the New Tradition. By the New Tradition in his early book, he referred to the transitional movement between Romanticism and fully modern. It began with Richardson in America in the seventies (in Europe not until the nineties) and extended, as a creative movement, roughly through World War I to include the work of Sullivan and Wright in the United States, Shaw, Webb and Voysey in England, Wagner, Hoffmann and Loos in Austria, Berlage in Holland, Behrens in Germany and Perret in France. These architects shared in common a respect for the tradition of craftsmanship as derived from English practice and theory, and for the novelty of new structures as derived from France, England and America. They produced what by High Romantic standards were "stripped" buildings, with simpler and more horizontal massing and architectonic rather than pictorial detailing. Two episodes complicate the simplicity of this bridge development to full modern as Hitchcock originally portrayed it. First, Art Nouveau seems more important today than it did when he dismissed the movement as mere aberration in 1929. Then he discussed Van de Velde only in connection with the movement; now it is Horta and Gaudi who claim a chapter each, while Van de Velde is brushed off in a paragraph. Then, too, writing in 1929, it seemed easy to assign Wright to the New Traditionalists. At the time, it appeared that his influence had terminated around 1915 with the end of the "prairie style," while his work of the twenties had trailed off into rather exotic experiments with textured blocks and angular planning. What more could be expected of an architect of sixty? No prophet could have then foretold that Wright was about to enter upon his brilliant accomplishment of old age.

And finally, writing at the end of the first decade of full-fledged modernity, Hitchcock closed his early survey with the New Pioneers. At the time it was easier to characterize a style which was internationalized by a common visual faith in a purified cubism than it is today. Two of the major New Pioneers, Le Corbusier and Mies, continued on page 68

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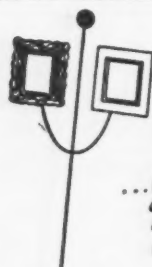
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**NATIONAL**

**Boston, Mass.:** Boston Printmakers 12th Annual, Museum of Fine Arts, Nov. Open to all printmakers. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 (for nonmembers). Entry cards and work due Oct. 1. Write: Mrs. S. M. Rantz, 299 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

**Chautauqua, N. Y.:** 2nd National Jury Show, Chautauqua Art Assn., July 6-26. Open to all U. S. artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel. \$2,000 in prizes. Work due June 19-22. Write: Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua, N. Y.

**Gloucester, Mass.:** Summer Exhibition, Gloucester Art Museum, July 15-Aug. 15. Open to all artists. Media: oil, tempera, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due June 25, work due July 1. Write: Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

**Honolulu, Hawaii:** 50th-State Print Exhibition, Honolulu Academy of Arts, Nov. 5-Dec. 6. Open to all U. S. artists. All print media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Oct. 12, work due by Oct. 20. Write: Print Makers, Honolulu Academy of Arts, Honolulu, Hawaii.

**Newport, R. I.:** 48th Annual, Art Assn. of Newport, July 1-26. Open to living American artists. Media: oil, water color, prints, small sculpture. Jury. Fee: \$2. Work due June 16. Write: Art Assn., 76 Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I.

**New York, N. Y.:** Art Directions Gallery Show Awards. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics, ceramics. Jury. \$1,500 in prizes. Fee: \$5 (no fee if work not accepted). Work due June 19-20. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 545 Ave. of Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

"Art with Emotional Appeal," Burr Gallery, June 21-July 4. Open to all artists in U. S. All media. Jury. Awards. Fee: \$5. Write: Burr Gallery, 115 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Associated American Artists Print Competition, Sept.-Oct. Open to all artists. Media: etching, lithograph, woodcut. \$10,000 in prizes. Write: Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions. Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Emily Lowe Competition, Eggleston Galleries, Nov. 2-28. Open to American artists not less than 25 years of age. Media: oil, water color, gouache. \$4,000 in prizes. Work due Oct. 3. Write: Eggleston Galleries, 969 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Morris Gallery Summer Annual, June 22-July 11. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes: 1-man shows. Fee: \$3. Work due June 15. Write: Morris Gallery, 174 Waverly Place, New York 14, N. Y.

Society of American Graphic Artists 42nd Annual Exhibition and 19th Annual Exhibition of Miniature Prints, Riverside Museum, Sept. 10-27. Media: intaglio, relief, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards due July 13, work due July 20. Write: Society of American Graphic Artists, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

**Pasadena, Cal.:** California Water Color Society's 39th Annual; Pasadena Art Museum, Nov. 10-Dec. 24; Richmond Art Museum, Feb. 1-Mar. 1, 1960. Jury. Cash prizes. \$10 membership fee. Work due Oct. 9. Write: Lucille Brown Greene, 3733 Cedar Ave., Long Beach 7, Cal.

**Portland, Me.:** Summer Art Festival, Portland Museum, July 8-Aug. 8. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. \$2,000 in prizes. Fee: \$4. Work due June 24. Write: Portland Museum, 111 High St., Portland, Me.

**Provincetown, Mass.:** Provincetown Art Assn. Exhibitions, June 28-July 25 and Aug. 2-Sept. 7. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, mixed media, drawing, prints, sculpture. Jury. Fee: \$4 includes membership; \$2 handling charge; 20% sales commission. Work due: 1st show, June 19 & 20; 2nd show, July 24 & 25. Write: Provincetown Art Assn., 460 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass.

**Saint Paul, Minn.:** Fiber, Clay, Metal Competition, Saint Paul Gallery and School of Art, Nov. 15-Dec. 23. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: ceramics, metal, jewelry, weaving, textiles, wood, enamel. Jury. \$2,500 in prizes. Work due Oct. 15. Write: Saint Paul Gallery, 476 Summit Ave., Saint Paul 2, Minn.

**Virginia Beach, Va.:** 4th Annual Boardwalk Art Show, Virginia Beach Art Assn., July 10-13. All media. Jury. Prizes. 1958 sales exceeded \$3,000. Fee: \$5. Entry

cards due by July 1. Artist or representative must accompany and display work. Write: Mrs. Gordon Abrell, 1604 Mayflower Apts., Virginia Beach, Va.

**REGIONAL**

**Birmingham, Ala.:** Water Color Society of Ala. 20th Annual, Birmingham Museum of Art, Oct. 4-10. Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per work. Entry cards and work due by Sept. 26. Write: Museum of Art, 8th Ave. at N. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

**Denver, Colo.:** 65th Annual for Western Artists, Denver Art Museum, July 20-Sept. 7. Open to artists west of Mississippi and in Wis. and Ill. Jury. \$2,000 in prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due June 29. Write: Denver Art Museum, 1343 Acoma St., Denver 4, Colo.

**Hartford, Conn.:** Conn. Water Color Society Annual, Wadsworth Athenaeum, Sept. 19-Oct. 17. Open to artists of Conn. Media: water color, gouache. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Sept. 11. Write: Mrs. Rhea Etherington, 17 High Farms Road, West Hartford, Conn.

**New Haven, Conn.:** Festival of Arts, New Haven Green, June 23-29. Open to Conn. artists. Media: painting, sculpture, water color, graphics, drawing. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due by June 11. Write: Festival, 152 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

**Oklahoma City, Okla.:** 1st Annual Southwest American Painting Exhibition, Okla. Art Center, Sept. 26-Oct. 31. Open to artists of Okla., Tex., Ark., Mo., N. Mex., Colo. Media: oil, tempera, water color, encaustic, collage, mixed techniques. \$1,500 purchase award. Fee: \$2. Work due Sept. 4. Write: Okla. Art Center, P. O. Box 3967, Oklahoma City, Okla.

**Pittsfield, Mass.:** 2nd Annual Old Testament Art Show, Margolin Library, June 14-21. Open to painters and sculptors within 100 miles of Pittsfield. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Entry cards and work due June 1. Write: Margolin Library, Jewish Community Center, 235 East St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Berkshire Art Assn. 8th Annual, Berkshire Museum, Oct. 1-31. Open to artists living at least 2 months a year in N. Y. State or New England (all 6 states). Media: oil, water color, sculpture under 100 lbs. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4 includes membership. Work due Sept. 19. Write: R. B. Kimball, c/o Berkshire Eagle, Pittsfield, Mass.

**Seattle, Wash.:** Craftsman Press Calendar Art Contest, Frye Museum, June 28-July 12. Open to artists of Pacific Northwest. All media. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Write: Craftsman Press, 2030 Westlake, Seattle 1, Wash.

5th Annual West Coast Oil Paintings Exhibition, Frye Museum, Aug. 7-30. Open to artists residing in Cal., Ore., Wash. Medium: oil. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due July 26. Write: Frye Museum, P. O. Box 3005, Seattle 14, Wash.

**BOOKS** continued from page 67

have developed in very different directions from one another, and Le Corbusier in particular in a manner quite at variance with those stylistic generalizations which his work of the twenties would have suggested. Oud, a third major New Pioneer whom Hitchcock once believed would be the most productive of the three, has disappointed expectations. Only Gropius' subsequent career could have been approximated by extending his Bauhaus convictions into the future. If Wright's influence could not have been properly assessed in 1929, neither could one have known then of the variety of personal approaches which would burgeon following World War II.

Hitchcock concluded his early volume with a still-fascinating chapter of prophecy based on the coherence of what came to be called the International Style. Too wise for such predictions today, he frankly admits that the vantage point of 1957 reveals "no convincing evidence of a major and general turn." Hence he stops "arbitrarily in midstream." Certainly, however, the "future must build upon the foundations—so very various, so often nearly contradictory—of the architecture of the last hundred and fifty years." To scan this past century and a half upon which contemporary building depends, there is no better means than through this book.

William H. Jordy



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Liam H. Judy

/June 1959

## Pompeian Painting

continued from page 36

of drapery or by other forms, made elliptical by rather forced foreshortening, or half obliterated by shadow. So the drawing is governed by a prejudice for the episodic or fragmentary—what Italians recognize in their art as *frammentismo*—but also by a curious sense of irregular movement. Lines are very often not geometric demarcations at all but a wandering and episodic sort of process, eventuating out of a context rather than starting at a point, then feeling its way around at leisure and finally sinking into another context. It seems that when the line marked an edge it was felt not as a separation but as a "cessation" of the field or volume. But we have too slight remains of the technical jargon or studio language of the time to have a clear idea of how far such processiveness carried, in the intentions of the painters.

IN THE assortment of fields there is often a large rectangle containing a large subject, usually from Greek mythology. But the subject is made leisurely or made companionable in a number of ways. If the subject is Hercules, it will not be the Hercules of the more laborious labors, but the infant Hercules or the drunken Hercules or the Hercules equipped as a woman in bondage to the queen Omphale. If the subject is Achilles it will be the boy Achilles learning to play the lyre, or Achilles disguised among the daughters of Lycomedes instead of fighting the Trojan War as he should. The gods themselves will be portrayed rather in states of dalliance than attending to their business.

The direct weight of the heroic is further removed by the use of theatrical versions of the myths—scenes from the plays of Euripides, for example—rather than myth raw, and the moment chosen will normally be one liminal to action, that is, before or after its climax. Often a painting will be a copy or a version of an earlier painting of a heroic subject, which is thus presented as it were through several depths of illusion. Such derivation or quotation or misquotation may or may not be promising, depending on the spirit and degree of the derivation. At least it is one way for absolute painting to escape from its own being without disappearing into its subject matter. Also, parodies make a very pleasant pastime, and such uses as Picasso has made of Aldorfer and Delacroix can be entertaining and more.

But by all odds the most promising kind of painting in the Pompeian assortment is the incidental decoration or caprice. It ranges from caricature and grotesques like pygmies to pleasant fantasies like centaures and male harpies or orange satyrs walking a tightrope, from sprays of flowers or vines so everextended they have to be held up by strings or ribbons to fantastically colored and grimacing masks, usually scattered about in unlikely places. There is no end to these ingenuities, but many of them have a common ground with our national genius for cartooning and so might afford livelier company for our painting than the rest.

IN VIEW of its exorbitant variety, Pompeian painting cannot all be as anybody says it generally is, and perhaps insofar as it is what I say it is, it is just now unendurable, no company at all for what modern painting feels it needs to be. It certainly has a simple and inefficient passion for the material world which we probably cannot hope or care to recover. But it is, as not much painting is, thoroughly human and sociable—not, it is true, at an edifying or ennobling or enthralling level. Yet the festive level of the mixed party is less treacherous ground these days than a loftier one for any painting which wants to go on enjoying itself but in livelier company than itself.

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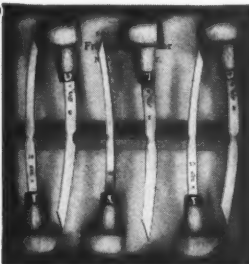


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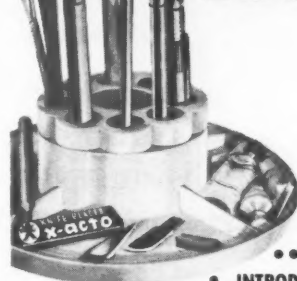
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**CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS**

**NATIONAL AND FOREIGN**

**AKRON, O.**  
 ART INSTITUTE, to July 5: Photography Annual  
**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**  
 MUSEUM, to June 14: Root Collection, American Painting  
**ATHENS, GA.**  
 MUSEUM, July-Aug.: Ancient Japanese Woodcuts  
**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
 MUSEUM, to June 21: Samuel Rosenberg  
**BASEL, SWITZERLAND**  
 BEYELER, thru Aug.: The Fauves  
**BELOIT, WISC.**  
 WRIGHT ART CENTER, to June 10: Student Show, Morse Collection  
**BOSTON, MASS.**  
 DOLL & RICHARDS, to June 13: Frank Egginton; from June 15: Paintings  
 INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, to June 28: 100 Works on Paper from Europe  
 MUSEUM, to June 26: Copley, Allston, Prendergast, Bloom; July 15-August 15: Traveling Fellows; thru Sept.: Recent Acquisitions  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
 ALBRIGHT, to June 14: 20th Century Design: U.S.A.  
**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**  
 BUSCH-REISINGER MUSEUM, to June 12: Art Nouveau  
 FOGG MUSEUM, to June 27: Expressionist Graphic Art; works by class of '34; to June 30: Cezanne; Wetheim Collection 19 Century French; Impressionist & Post-Impressionist Paintings  
 MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, to June 21: Anni Albers, pictorial weaving  
**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
 MINT MUSEUM, to June 16: Contemporary Portraiture; June 28 thru Aug.: Purchase Award Exhibition  
**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
 ART INSTITUTE, to June 28: Chicago Artists; July 22-Sept. 6: Pan-American Art  
 ARTS CLUB, to June 20: Art & the Found Object  
**CINCINNATI, O.**  
 CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, thru summer: Swedish Folk Art  
 MUSEUM, to July 5: Lehman Collection; to Sept. 7: Student Work  
**CLEVELAND, O.**  
 MUSEUM, to June 14: May Show; to June 30: Perrins Collection Helmarshusen Latin Gospels  
 WISE, to June 26: Gabor Peterdi  
**COLD SPRING HARBOR, L. I., N. Y.**  
 LAZUK, to June 13: Etienne Ret  
**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.**  
 FINE ARTS CENTER, June: 4 American Expressionists; July: Art of Southern California  
**DALLAS, TEX.**  
 MUSEUM, to June 14: Mexican Art; to June 20: Hallmark Awards  
 VALLEY HOUSE, June: Group  
**DENVER, COLO.**  
 MUSEUM, to July 12: Western Heritage; July 20-Sept. 7: Western Artists Annual  
 POGZEB, June 16-July 16: Carl Rabus  
**DETROIT, MICH.**  
 INSTITUTE, to Aug. 16: Hirshhorn Collection of Sculpture  
**EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.**  
 GUILD HALL, June 13-July 7: Members' Exhibit; July 11: Clothesline Art Show; July 19-Aug. 16: Artist Looks at Life; July 26-Sept. 13: Garden Sculpture; Aug. 23-Sept. 13: Artists of the region

**FORT WORTH, TEX.**  
 ART CENTER, to June 21: Texas Water Color Exhibit; June 1-28: Mexican Painting  
 ELLISON, June 5-July 5: Robert De Niro, Lester Johnson  
**GREENSBURG, PA.**  
 WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, to July 31: Survey of Pennsylvania Art  
**HAMPTON BAYS, L. I., N. Y.**  
 BURLIUK: Contemporary American  
**LA JOLLA, CAL.**  
 ART CENTER, to June 21: James Harris; June 20-July 31: Arthur G. Dove; June 24-Aug. 9: Malcolm McClain; Aug. 7-Sept. 30: Early California Art; Aug. 15-Sept. 4: Hallmark Awards  
**LENEX, MASS.**  
 BERKSHIRE ARTS CENTER, June 7-28: Today's Religious Art  
**LINCOLN, MASS.**  
 DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, from June 7: British Artist-Craftsmen  
**LONDON, ENGLAND**  
 GIMPEL FILS: Contemporary British, 19 & 20 Century French  
 LEICESTER, June 5-25: Victor Brauner, Michael Ayrton  
 WADDINGTON: Contemporary British  
**LONG BEACH, CAL.**  
 MUSEUM, to Sept. 9: Classic American Painting; June 14-July 8: John Lincoln; Joshua Plotkin; A. E. Carpenter; Florence Arnold, Donald Williams; July 13-Aug. 7: June Wayne; Group; Aug. 9-13: Long Beach Artists; Aug. 9-Sept. 7: Francis de Erdely; Vic Smith  
**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**  
 HATFIELD: French & American  
 LEWINSON, to June 13: Robert Hanson  
 COUNTY MUSEUM, June 10-July 26: Miro  
 MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to June 28: Toulouse-Lautrec  
 STENDAH: Pre-Columbian & Modern  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
 SPEED MUSEUM, June 1-15: Prints; June 1-30: Latin American Drawings; Bruegel the Elder, engravings; June 2-23: Corcoran Biennial; Architecture Worth Seeing; June 5-30: Hedda Morrison, photographs; June 14-July 31: Shaker Craftsmanship  
**MARSEILLES, FRANCE**  
 MUSEE CANTINI, to July 31: Picasso  
**MEMPHIS, TENN.**  
 BROOKS, to June 21: Painting of the Year; to June 28: Indonesian Crafts  
 Steinhart, woodcuts; July 1-Aug. 15: Peter Takal  
**MILWAUKEE, WISC.**  
 ART CENTER, to June 21: Wisconsin Art  
**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
 WALKER, to June 26: Louis Schanker  
 June 1-21: Shirley Gish  
**MONTCLAIR, N. J.**  
 MUSEUM, to June 21: New Jersey Water Color Society  
**MYSTIC, CONN.**  
 ART ASSOCIATION, June 16-July 10: New England Regional Exhibit; July 14-Aug. 14: Members; Aug. 18-Sept. 7: Small Works  
**NANTUCKET, MASS.**  
 TAYLOR, July 3-19: Nathaniel Pousette Dart, retrospective  
**NEWARK, N. J.**  
 WASHINGTON PARK, June 1-7: Art Festival  
**NEW CANAAN, CONN.**  
 SILVERMINE GUILD, June 7-July 5: New England Artists  
**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**  
 ORLEANS, June 8-20: Art for Architecture

**OGUNQUIT, ME.**  
MUSEUM, June 27-Sept. 10: Charles De-muth; George Curtis; Group

**ORONO, ME.**  
UNIVERSITY, June: William & Emily Muir; Emil Weddige

**PARIS, FRANCE**  
ARNAUD, June: John Koenig  
FACCHETTI, June: Nora Speyer  
FRICKER, to June 30: Jawlensky  
FURSTENBERG, June 4-30: Irene RENE, to June 15: Arp; from June 19: Michel Seuphor  
STADLER, June 12-July 12: Jenkins  
SUFFREN, to June 20: Leyden  
VINCY, to June 20: Wostan

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
ART ALLIANCE, June 3-Sept. 24: Fantastic Art; June 10-Aug. 12: Philadelphia Water Color Club  
MUSEUM, to June 14: Rosenwald collection Oriental Art

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to June 14: David Blythe; to June 21: Shiko Munakata; to June 15-Sept. 27: Claude Mellan

**PRINCETON, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, June: John Taylor Arms, prints

**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**  
June 17-July 31: Robert Locher, designer

**RICHMOND, VA.**  
MUSEUM, to June 14: Virginia Artists; June 27-Aug. 24: Warburg Collection

**ROSWELL, N. M.**  
MUSEUM, June 1-23: Art Annual; June 24-Sept. 4: New Mexico Architecture

**RUTHERFORD, N. J.**  
FARLEIGH DICKENSON UNIVERSITY, June: David Burluk

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
MUSEUM, June 5-30: Weavers Guild; June 5-July 5: Serigraphs; July 15-Sept. 7: British Artist Craftsmen

**SAN DIEGO, CAL.**  
FINE ARTS SOCIETY, June 5-July 12: School Art; July 17-Sept. 13: Primitive American Painting

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**  
BOLLES, June 10-July 24: James Boynton DE YOUNG MUSEUM, to June 17: Art of Ancient Maya; to June 25: Venetian Drawings; Anna Wu Weakland; Glenn Wessels  
DILEXI, to June 6: Sidney Geist; Sidney Gordon  
MUSEUM, to June 11: Forms from Israel; to June 28: Post-War Italian Painting; June 12-July 19: Leo Lionni  
PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, July 11-Aug. 16: Ballet Design

**SANTA BARBARA, CAL.**  
MUSEUM, June: Contemporary British Prints; Robert Thomas; Jack Kennedy; June 16 thru July: Fulbright Painters

**SCRANTON, PA.**  
EVERHART, to June 15: Dorothy Strause, hooked rugs

**SEATTLE, WASH.**  
FRYE MUSEUM, June 9-26: German Artists Today; June 28-July 12: Craftsman Calendar Art Contest; July 14-Aug. 5: American Water Color Society; Aug. 7-30: West Coast Oil Competition

**TAOS, N. M.**  
GALERIA ESCONDIDA, June: Group; July 19-Aug. 2: Ken Goehring; Aug. 16-31: Roland Detre

**TULSA, OKLA.**  
GILCREASE INSTITUTE, thru summer: Public Choice

**UTICA, N. Y.**  
MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE, July 11-19: Utica Arts Festival

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**  
CORCORAN, thru Sept.: Original Corcoran Collection  
GRES, to June 13: Group  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to Sept. 1: Annual Print Exhibition

**WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**  
GALLERY, to June 15: Baroque Illusion

**WORCESTER, MASS.**  
MUSEUM, to Sept. 8: Dial Collection

## NEW YORK CITY

**Museums:**  
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS (633 W. 155), to June 14: Award winners & new members  
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkway): Egyptian Art; European Prints  
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), to Aug. 30: Forms from Israel; to July 5: Nicholas Vergette, mosaics  
INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY (65 W. 56), to July 31: American, European, Japanese Prints  
JEWISH (92 at 5th), thru July: Contemporary Jewish Artists  
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), to Aug. 16: Recent Sculpture U.S.A.; to Sept. 8: New American Painting  
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Sept. 7: Photography in Fine Arts; Form Givers at Mid-Century; June 16-Aug. 2: Phrygian Art; June 23-July 26: Hudson Celebration; June 24-Sept. 7: Young Israeli Artists  
MORGAN LIBRARY (29 E. 36), to July 31: Acquisitions of past 10 years  
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), to Sept. 13: Mexican Stone Sculpture  
STATEN ISLAND (75 Stuyvesant Pl.), to Sept. 14: The Painted Ocean; William Trust Richards, water colors  
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to June 14: Sara Roby Foundation

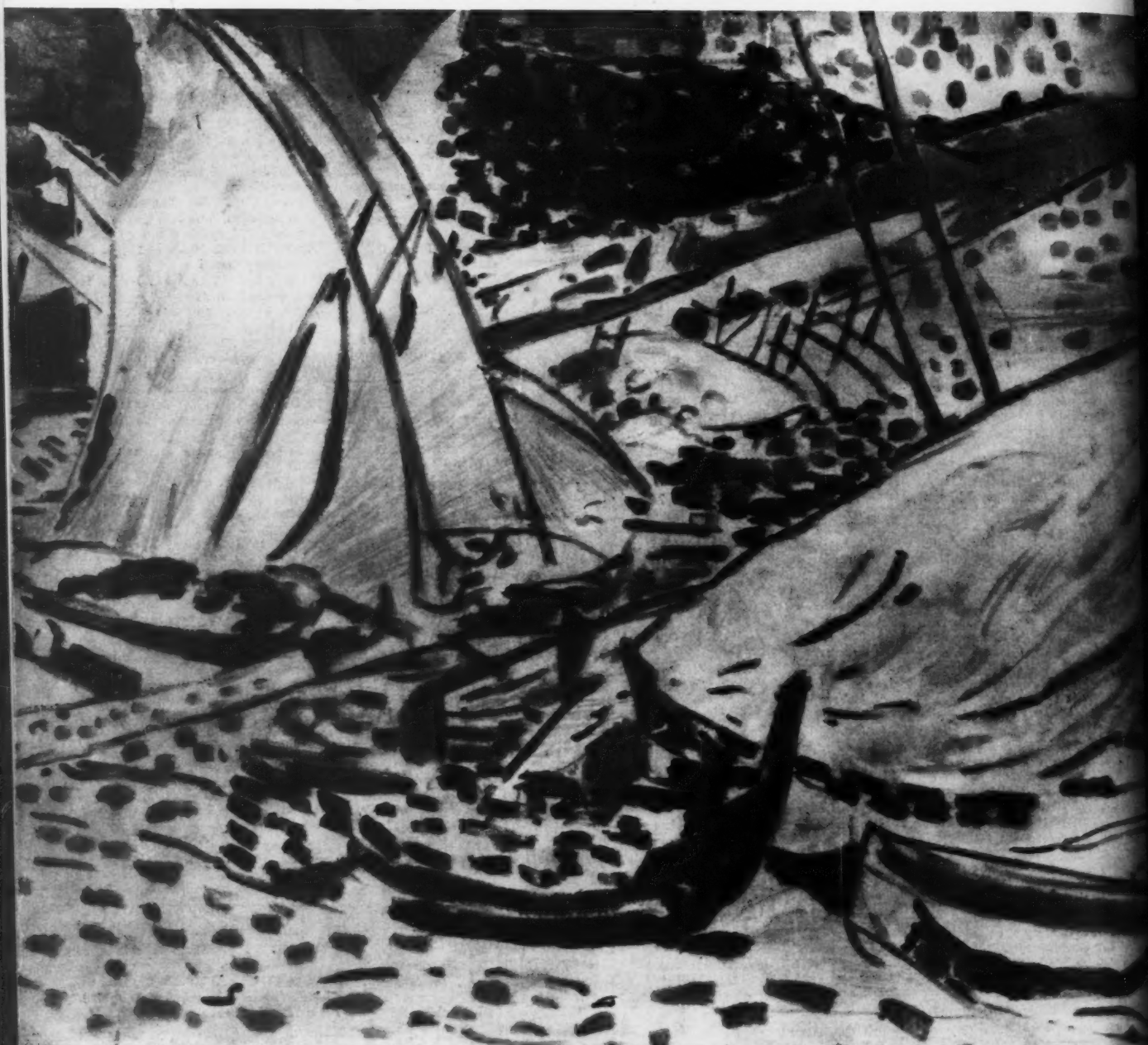
**Galleries:**  
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), June 8-20: Honorable Mentions from Competition  
ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Tu., Th., 12-2, 8-10), June 9-25: Maria Krasnanis; June 30-July 16: Lawrence Woodman  
ALAN (766 Madison at 66), to July 2: Gallery Group  
ARKEP (152 W. 24), June 1-15: Helmut Kallweit, Constantino B. Ross  
ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th at 15): Gallery Groups  
ARTISTES DE FRANCE (905 Madison at 73), to June 6: Jean Leppien, Ida Bar-barigo  
ARTISTS' (851 Lexington at 64), to June 25: Submissions, 58-59  
ARTZT (142 W. 57), June 3-14: Group; June 9-20: 8-man show; June 15-26: Erik Hoberg  
BABCOCK (805 Madison at 68): Group  
BARONE (1018 Madison at 79), to June 20: Luis Martinez Pedro  
BARZANSKY (1071 Madison at 81), to June 30: Gallery Group  
BAYER (51 E. 80), to June 13: Serena Rothstein  
BERRY-HILL (743 5th at 58): Americans  
BERRYMAN (2852 Bway at 111): European Original Graphics  
BORGENICHT (1018 Madison at 79), June 9-30: William McGee  
BRATA (89 E. 10), to June 15: Garden Sculpture Group; Gallery Group  
B'KLYN ARTS (141 Montague), thru June 13: Group  
BURR (115 W. 55), June 7-20: Fitz Art Center; June 21-July 4: Emotional Appeal in Art; July 5-18: Americans  
CAMINO (92 E. 10), June: Group  
CARAVAN (132 E. 65), June 7-27: Group  
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to June 12: Group  
CECEILE (62 W. 56), June 2-13: Nancy Parker, Mani Deligitch, Harvey Williams; June 16-30: Gallery Group  
CHASE (31 E. 64): French & American COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), June: Gallery Group  
COMERFORD (117 E. 57), June: Scrolls of Old Japan  
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Madison at 77), June: Picasso, lithographs  
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), June-July: Southern Tour Returns  
D'ARCY (19 E. 76), to June 20: Pre-Columbian Treasures

DAVIS (231 E. 60): Group  
DE AENLE (59 W. 53), June 8-27: Angel Hurtado; Summer: Group  
DEITSCH (51 E. 73), June 15-July 31: Original Prints and Drawings  
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51): Summer Group  
DUNCAN (303 E. 51), June 2-15: Prix de Paris; Raymond Duncan, brush dyes; June 15-July 2: Douwes Dekker; Leone Taver  
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to July 31: Group  
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), thru July: Halcyon Days of 18th Century  
EGGESTON (969 Madison at 76), June: Group  
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), June: Pre-Columbian and Modern  
F.A.R. (746 Madison at 65), June: Group  
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), June: School of Paris  
FINE ARTS (41 E. 57), June: Recent Acquisitions  
FLEISCHMAN (84 E. 10), June 7-30: 3rd Anniversary Annual  
FRENCH & CO. (978 Madison at 76), June 9-Aug. 29: Group  
FURMAN (46 E. 80): Primitive Art  
GALLERY (200 E. 59), thru Aug.: Group  
GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Madison at 83), June: Group  
GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), to June 13: Children's Art  
GALLERY 15 (59 W. 54), June: Group  
GALLERY NEW YORK (931 Madison at 74), June 2-20: Judith Har-Evan  
GRAHAM (1014 Madison at 78), June: Group  
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), to June 12: Group and Loan Exhibition  
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Madison at 79), to June 13: Lunak; to Sept.: Group  
GRAPHIC WORKSHOP (1343 3rd), to June 15: Munakata; June 15-July 13: Antonio Frascini  
HAMMER (51 E. 57): Group  
HANSA (210 Central Park So.), to June 6: Group  
HARTERT (22 E. 58), June: Soshana  
HELLER (63 E. 57), June 2-30: Sebring, Sharon, Fleischman  
HERVE (611 Madison at 58), to June 30: French Contemporary  
HICKS STREET (48 Hicks, Bklyn), June 1-28: Jerome Burns, gouaches  
HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), June 6-July 31: Summer Group  
IMAGE (100 E. 10), to June 21: Allan Blynd, Claude Drey, Duane Michals, Kenneth Van Sickle, photographs  
INTERNATIONAL (55 W. 56), June: Group  
IOLAS (123 E. 55), to June 6: Group  
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), June 2-30: Group  
JACKSON (32 E. 69), to June 20: Wallace Ting  
JUSTER (154 E. 79), June: Group  
KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), June: Jack Gray, marine paintings  
KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), June: Group  
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), to June 12: Olivier Debre  
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), June 9-20: Angelo Longo, Sonya Z. Howard, Alice Vogel  
KRASNER (1061 Madison at 80), June 1-30: Group  
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Madison at 80), to June 19: 20th Century American Landscape Painting  
LIFE (102 W. 14), to June 13: Figure Paintings  
LITTLE STUDIO (673 Madison at 61), June 22-July 11: Bruno Martini gouaches & water colors; thru Sept.: Group  
LOEB (12 E. 57), to June 20: Macris  
MARINO (46 W. 56), to June 15: Co-op Galleries Group; Night Gallery: Christian Larochele  
MATISSE (41 E. 57), to June 27: French Painting  
MELTZER (38 W. 57), June 2-30: Edward

London  
MI CHOU (36 W. 56), to June 6: Chi-Kwan Chen, Hua Li, Gary Woo  
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), June: Season's Retrospective  
MILCH (21 E. 67), thru July: Group  
MORRIS (174 Waverly), to June 13: Gallery Artists; June 22-July 11: Group  
MOND'ART (719 Lexington at 58), thru summer: Groups  
MUNAKATA (19 W. 46), from June 9: Shiko Munakata  
NESSLER (718 Madison at 64), to June 13: Prize-winning Gallery Artists  
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lexington at 81), June 1-30: Modern European Group  
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57): Fine Paintings  
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), June 5-28: George Dworzan, Leonard Nelson, Felix Pasilis  
NORDNESS (700 Madison at 63), June: Gallery Group  
PANORAS (62 W. 56), June 1-13: George Moffat; June 15-27: John O'Conner; June 29-July 18: Paul Freeman  
PARMA (1111 Lexington at 77), to June 13: Gallery Group  
PARSONS (15 E. 57), June 1-13: American Abstract Artists  
PERIDOT (820 Madison at 68), June 1-19: Group  
PERLS (1016 Madison at 78), to June 12: Modern Masters  
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), June 1-15: Albert Abramowitz  
REHN (683 5th at 54), June: Group  
RICE (1451 Lexington at 94), to June 13: Andrew Martin  
RILEY (24 E. 67), June 2-27: Roy Lichtenstein  
ROKO (925 Madison at 74), to July 3: Gallery Group, New Talent  
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79): Group  
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to June 27: Review of the Season  
SALPETER (42 E. 57), June: Group  
B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to June 13: Nicholas Marsicano; June 15 thru Aug.: Group  
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), June: Modern French Masters  
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), June: Group  
SEGY (708 Lexington at 57), June: Antique African Sculpture  
SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), to June 12: George Vander Sluis  
SILBERMAN (1014 Madison at 78): Modern Paintings  
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), to June 15: Master Drawings  
STABLE (924 7th at 58), June: Group  
STOLPER (7 E. 80): Primitive Art  
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), June 2-30: Group  
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), June: Personal/Impersonal—poems & drawings  
TOZZI (137 E. 57): Medieval Art  
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), thru summer: Gallery Group  
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to June 6: Afro; thru June: Group  
WALKER (117 E. 57), June: Americans  
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), June: Gallery Group  
WEYHE (794 Lexington at 61), June: Contemporary Japanese Woodcuts  
WHITE (42 E. 57), to June 6: Stanislas Fraydas; June 9-30: Group  
WIDDIFIED (818 Madison at 68), thru June: Group  
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64): Group  
WILLARD (23 W. 56): Group  
WITTENBORN (1018 Madison at 79), June 1-30: Silvano Bozzolini, Mimmo Rotella; July 1-31: Leonard Kesi; Aug. 1-31: H. P. Doebele  
WORLD HOUSE (987 Madison at 77), to June 13: Benjamin Kopman; June 17 thru Aug.: Group  
ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), to June 6: Lindsey Decker; June 9-July 3: Branchard, Canade, Arnold Friedman

# Galerie Beyeler • Basle, Switzerland

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DERAIN, *Voiliers à Collioure*, 1905, oil on canvas, 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 31"

EXHIBITION JUNE-JULY-AUGUST 1959

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